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THE COQUETTE.

"PRAY what is a flirt?" asked a voice sweet and low
As the song of a murmuring brook;
And with bright face upraised and soft cheeks all aglow,
She gazed in my eyes, as if there she would know
What I meant by my words and my look.

"A flirt? 'Tis an image I ne'er could define
In words, though I'll show you, with pleasure
There: don't move your eyes, keep them fixed straight on mine,
And if mine—like a mirror—to reflect do incline,
You can study a flirt, at your leisure.

"They are innocent creatures, so winning and sweet—
These coquettes—and so gentle. Ah! never,
No, never, would they cast your love at their feet,
Or, with smiles false as fair, bind the scores whom they meet
To their hearts, with a love nought can sever!

"Their hearts—ah, my darling, your pardon I crave;
I forgot—a flirt's never so simple
As to have what might cause her some trouble to save—
Why, 'ma belle,' you could make quite a large enough grave
For a score of flirt's hearts—in one dimple!

"What! Tears in your eyes? Can it then really be
That coquettes have hearts? Why, I never
Believed it: but stay—by that blush I can see
That beneath that white bosom beats one, warm and free,
And 'The Coquette' is vanished for ever."

A DREAM
—OF—
SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Van Dewall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[This story was commenced in No. 19, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained].

CHAPTER IV.

The weather was excellent; the sun shone golden, but a little too burning, upon the just and the unjust, when we betook ourselves directly after dinner to the three o'clock boat, which was lying in the quay at the foot of the Bruhlschen Terrace. In heavy masses, dark clouds of smoke rose perpendicularly from the chimney, and the hot breath of the engine rushed whizzing from the valves. The light-green monster heavily moved its wheels to and fro up the stream, in order to lighten the weight on the ropes and chains which held it.

Mr. Blunt, who marched with Adda at the head of our little column, had scarcely heard the first ringing of the steamer-bell when he, drawing his fair companion by the hand after him, began to trot and hastened towards the ticket office; the rest of us, descending to the landing place, found them waiting there with the tickets already bought. Adda was standing at Mr. Blunt's side, a little out of breath, with deeply flushed cheeks, yet laughing and beaming as an early May-day.

Never before had I been so impressed with the beauty of Adda's magnificent, graceful figure and pretty, easy motions. She was somewhat above the medium height, slender and beautifully shaped; had pretty, sloping shoulders, a finely rounded waist, a small, elastic foot, and a light, graceful, one might almost say drifting, gait. Everything was harmonious in this beautiful lady. Through the thin blouse of lace shimmered the neck, shoulders, and arms, as white as satin. While looking at her the thought occurred to me, I do not know how, that she was to be at some time a great lady.

"*N'est ce-pas elle est charmante?*" I looked down into Margot's laughing eyes that were secretly watching me. Upon her bushy curls was jauntily placed a small pointed hat, from which a cock's feather saucily nodded in the wind. She had drawn her gold-embroidered baschlik somewhat coquettishly around her narrow shoulders. Her intelligent, grey eyes looked mockingly into my face, while she leaned against me quite familiarly.

"Yes, Margot, Adda is indeed a charming girl, she looks like an angel, to-day," I replied, with full conviction.

"Shall I tell her that you think so?"

"Do not dare; that would be abusing my confidence, *ma belle*, and I should be exceedingly angry if you were capable of doing a thing like that," I said, frightened, while taking firm hold of her.

"Very well, Monsieur; very well, I will betray nothing to that angel. But what am I?" she asked, abruptly, looking at me quite boldly, and tossing her head.

"You, Margot? You are a little brownie, a true infant terrible," I returned, laughingly.

"O, *mon Dieu*, what else? A little mischief; an ugly person; a good for nothing; a real devil,—one knows that it does not matter. I would not mind being a devil, and carrying you all off with me; that would be a merry party."

"Are you not ashamed, Margot? Who taught you to speak in such a way? Do you learn that in your school?" But my words made no impression upon her.

"Pshaw!" she laughed at me. "Did you not yourself relate such a pretty story to uncle Heine lately, of a man who sat in a tavern and pictured heaven so poetically to himself—forever gliding to and fro upon moist clouds, catching colds and singing continually hallelujah—was it not so? O, how I would love to see you all only once in that situation, Mr. Howard, uncle Blunt, Adda and you. O that would be killing."

I could preserve my seriousness no longer and burst with her into a hearty laugh. We pressed through the crowd over the landing, on board to the rear deck, where the linen awning protected us from the sun. I seated myself not far from the helm, Margot drew familiarly near me and hid herself behind my shoulder.

"Do not change your countenance in the least, Monsieur, cut just view that *corps diplomatique*; you remark nothing?" she whispered into my ear.

"Mr. Howard is looking a little tired and bored as it seems to me."

She pressed the point of her parasol into the upper leather of her boot, and with an important air went on.

"Listen, *Monsieur*, the case is as follows, but you must by no means betray me," and laying her hand sympathetically upon my arm, she continued, "Mr. Howard will be very rich in future, he is from a noble family, though only the second or third son. You know in England that is all so ludicrous and peculiar, one gets the whole and the rest nothing. But he has a wealthy uncle in London, or somewhere, a Lord, *je ne sais pas quoi*, he will be his heir."

"Yes? but what matters that to me?" I asked coolly.

"Do but wait, have patience, mon bebe, we came directly to the point."

This said uncle and Mr. Howard's mother have selected for him a mighty rich blonde Miss, that the pounds may be kept nicely together, (here she made one of her droll, characteristic gestures) but he prefers Adda, that angel, to that meagre Miss——, *compris?*

Although he is constantly sitting there, as if he had swallowed a yard-stick, and examining his red hands, he is glowing inwardly like a forge, and is over head and ears in love. He wishes to tell her a great many pretty things, but remains as mute as a fish and wants, that Adda shall read in his eyes how much in love he is. It is too ridiculous, (another gesture) he is afraid of compromising himself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, but Adda is blind, that is she pretends to be."

But Adda, alas, she knows it not.
She sees that his heart is breaking.
But she knows it not.

This morning an explanation took place between the Staatsräthin and him—the garden scene. He wants that Adda should wait till his circumstances are settled. Of course, he is sitting like the donkey in the fable, between the two bundles of hay; his Miss, the uncle, and the pounds on one side, and the heavenly Adda, *sans le sou*, at the other; he cannot bear to give offence to those at home and cannot give up the other. *Enfin*, this morning he disclosed his troubles to the mother. I heard a great deal when sitting in the gooseberry bushes, after I left you. For instance, how my aunt told him in plain words, that she could not keep her daughter for him, till she had grown old and ugly; he had to decide one way or the other, for such flirtations never came to a sensible end, and she would not have it.

He himself would know best, if Adda loved him, to her, the Staatsräthin, he would be a very welcome son-in-law.

"But Margot, in fact, you are indiscreet above all description," I said, deeply provoked.

"Nonsense, I am not quite through yet. So she remarked that he would be very welcome to her. O that poor diplomatist with his byways, he is very far from the mark. Adda tranquilly permits him to stare and yawn at her, but she does not care much for him, upon the whole, she feels nothing, that clear water brook, and you will see, if uncle comedien does not snap her away from under his nose, before he is aware of it."

"Margot," I exclaimed angrily, "what a horrible idea." "Do but believe me, he is exceedingly rich and spoils her in all possible manners and ways, and, above all, aunt Laura is on his side!"

"That's enough, Margot," I cried, most disagreeably affected. "you talk foolishly."

The very thought of uncle Blunt with his sixty years, his *peruke*, and his false teeth as Adda's husband was sufficiently absurd; but to think that so kind and sensible a lady as Frau von Ivernois should approve, or perhaps encourage a wooing on Mr. Blunt's part, that appeared in plain terms, detestable.

"Ah, you are extraordinarily polite, *monsieur*," Margot went on.

"I talk foolishly, *comment? A done*, how that sounds, my *monsieur bear!*" Indeed you do not see beyond your long nose, do you know that? O, these wise Germans, only the French have esprit and common sense.

"Yes, look at me as reproachfully as ever you want, it is true, I have more sense, much more sense than you."

"Pardon me, Margot," I said, somewhat jeeringly, "In what class are you?"

"In the highest, the highest of all, *monsieur*, she returned acutely, and shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, "with none but young ladies much older than I."

"Yes, *ma petite*, one is fully aware of that fact."

"So you think that because I am only fourteen, I should be blind or stupid as—— well, I shall say nothing more, but I have excellent eyes and ears, *Monsieur* Wagner, and whatever you may say—I am right.

The little person's chat had gradually put me into an excitement, most surprising to me, and I had fallen into a strange frame of mind.

It was impossible not to be interested in Adda, and the very idea that the charming sweet creature might become the wife of that old fop, Blunt, made my heart actually ache. I would most willingly have taken Margot's words for the mere fictions of a little school-girl, but since I knew so much already, I could not conceal from myself, that a little grain of truth, however exaggerated, might be found. The thought struck me somewhat suddenly. If the little girl should be right after all. Yet my whole soul rebelled against it.

When a half hour later, the steamboat lay to at the Loschwitz landing, I arose from my seat with a very light heart and thought to myself "God be praised! that is all silly nonsense; she does not think of them—either the one or the other. She is entirely free and does not imagine that they have any designs toward her. It would really be a pity for the beautiful creature. A truly strange humor came over me.

When we disembarked on the shore, Margot again attached herself to my arm. We were inseparable to-day, it appeared.

Adda, nodding to us pleasantly, joined us.

"You really spoil the little creature," said she laughing and giving her cousin a light tap with her fan, because she began to imitate, in her droll way, the walk of the attorney, Heine, Adda's brother-in-law, who, by chance, went before us.

"What am I to do?" answered I, looking down at the youthful offender "she is such a wanton rogue, I must laugh at her whether I would or not."

"So—I must laugh at her,"—Margot now imitated *me—en effet*, "as if that were wrong!"

Then she squinted across at Adda, and I saw roguery and teasing sparkling in her eyes. She pretended to be sulky and drew her arm slowly out of mine.

"*Au revoir, monsieur*; you are rather tiresome to-day," said she, with a little sigh. "I will give you up to my beautiful cousin. But when you are near the rose, think well upon the thorns, and do not let your heart be caught by them and be not the third victim; *au revoir!*" With that she hastened away and fastened herself to the arm of Mr. Howard, who made an astonished face at this unexpected attack.

Adda had grown red and looked down embarrassed while I was no better off. I wished the little atrocious creature, Margot, at the end of the earth.

"She is a real brownie," said I, after a while in order to say something, "but one must bear with her somewhat, she does not mean anything bad."

Adda did not answer immediately, and I began anew. "Do you not hope that we may find something suitable to-day? I should choose for you one of these pretty castles over there among the trees; what a lovely idyl!"

She looked up at me now quite at her ease. "Frankly spoken," replied she, "but I do not believe that mamma thinks seriously of purchasing here, and she certainly will not do so before my father arrives,—no, surely not without papa. It is necessary to talk about and consider it before anything is determined. Mamma always has her ifs and her buts. If it depended upon me, Herr Wagner," continued she, after a short pause, "I would buy neither of these estates, even if it were a palace. In summer one might perhaps live here for one or two months, but in winter,—how lonely, how gloomy it would be, so far from all intercourse, I should be quite a hypocondriac."

"But Nature is so charming here," I answered warmly, "and in winter one could go to the city if it seemed quite too solitary."

"Yes, but one must have a house there, then," interrupted she, briskly. "O, if that could be, I should like it; but to do that one must be rich, Herr Wagner, and a civil officer in Russia with six children, you well know, does not usually heap up gold. Everything there is twice as dear as here. O, if one could only be really rich!" she added, sighing a little.

"Are you in earnest?" asked I, astonished, "do you truly regard wealth as such a great blessing, Fraulein Adda?"

"Of course," answered she with emphasis and looked me full in the face. "Do you not think so? O, if one is rich, the whole world belongs to him. Money opens all doors. One can procure every enjoyment for himself and others; can travel, can dress handsomely and tastefully, can have horses and carriages,—but what is the matter? Why do you look at me so astonished?"

"I beg you to continue, my dear young lady," said I, sarcastically.

"Well, then, I would have a large house, would travel—perhaps I would even live at Paris or in Italy; I would have a box at the opera, would frequent the most splendid balls—I——"

"May I be permitted one question, Fraulein Adda?" I, inwardly indignant, here interrupted the young lady, "do these sentiments come from your own heart?"

"Why, what do you mean?" she answered rather dejectedly and perplexed at the tone of my voice and my earnest face.

"Do you really esteem all those things so highly? do you aspire only after these? do you consider money so great a good?" I asked, with increasing earnestness and involuntary warmth. "Ah, if you knew, my dear young lady, how many higher treasures there are than troublesome money, how much richer even you are than many who have tons of gold!"

Adda blushed.

"You are young, healthy, admired, beautiful—of what use would it be to you if you were rich and had not these noble gifts of person and mind, which distinguish and adorn mankind; which afford to ourselves and to others happiness and satisfaction? Indeed, has the thought never come to you that you may even through wealth become really poor and unhappy? He, who has treasure to guard, has care; and then—a poor girl, for example, knows that a man loves her and woos her for her own sake; a rich girl is often desired only on account of her money and never knows why it is."

"But if one married a rich man, Herr Wagner?" asked she, after awhile, artlessly. "Now, you do not answer."

"Because I am perplexed how to reply to you, because I cannot answer you as I should like,—let us rather break off this conversation, Fraulein Adda, it gives me pain. What a glorious day this is, how splendid is the air; how delicately yet clearly defined are the mountains!"

Adda's large blue eyes looked at me so astonished, so full of inquiry and reproach that I suddenly broke off and blushed in my turn.

A REMINISCENCE OF SUMMER.

Heavens, what nonsense I had talked? What right had I to give such a lecture to a young girl on account of an expression which perhaps was meant quite innocently. And yet I had such a peculiarly strong feeling when I put together all that I had heard and seen and all that Margot's chattering had revealed to me, it appeared to me almost beyond doubt that they had influenced Adda; that they tried to give to money a higher value in her estimation in order to induce her to fulfil a so-called destiny and accept Uncle Blunt.

"I said something very childish, perhaps, Herr Wagner,' said Adda at that moment, quite shyly,—"and why could you not answer me as you really wished?"

"Ah, if I were your brother, or if a longer acquaintance gave me the right to speak a frank hearty word, I would say to you that that a young girl ought to have higher wishes and aims than those which you expressed a little while ago."

I made a pause here,—something carried me away again, Adda looked into my face with such a trustful, childlike look, that I saw only those brightly shining eyes, that fresh, smiling mouth, that charming head a little inclined to one side and I was completely disarmed. I sighed deeply.

"You may say everything to me without fear of hurting my feelings; I know you mean it kindly, Herr Wagner," said she heartily. "Will you?"

But I found no words; I had too much on my heart; and the more I felt how tender and yielding this girl's soul was, the clearer it became to me how easy it must be to influence her for a definite purpose; moreover, what danger for Adda lay in this child-like trust in this yielding temper, but also what an indescribable fascination! Ah, I would so willingly have given her friendly advice—would so willingly have called out to her a gently warning word! Meanwhile, the opportunity was lost, for to-day, as before, I knew how to clothe my thought in words. We were interrupted; the Rathin and Madame Heine joined us, and from this time the conversation turned entirely to the purchase of a house.

We went through the pleasant village street, and then began slowly to climb the hill by various winding paths, till we at last reached one of the villas, which were for sale. It was an attractive summer residence, not large, with a beautiful prospect, in a pretty garden sloping in terraces, with vine-trellises and fruit trees. The comfortable house, with its balconies and green shutters, but still more its admirable situation, pleased me at the first glance; and when an agent opened the doors, and conducted us through the inside, I comprehended neither the many criticisms of the Staatsrathin nor Adda's litt e exclamations: "O, how narrow, mamma! O, shocking!" and so forth. I was much more of Madame Heine's opinion, that the villa was a little, cosy, comfortable nest, sufficiently large for a household like that of the Rathin, and that everything within and without was in a thoroughly satisfactory condition; besides, the price demanded seemed to me so moderate that, in spite of the many ifs and buts of the Staatsrathin, I could only persuade her earnestly to purchase the villa. But she was undecided and wavering.

"If you do so merely on speculation, Madame," I urged, "you can only gain by the purchase; the real estate is worth almost double in quiet times. I assure you the bargain is quite too advantageous in every respect."

But all persuasion was in vain; the Rathin remained irresolute and undetermined, and we ascended higher to the second villa. This was so isolated in its situation, and was so small and out of repair that the Rathin assured us at the door that she would not bury herself in such a lonely hut; and so, without having effected our purpose, we went down by the same way that we had come. We had at least our satisfaction in the consciousness that we had taken a good walk, and had enjoyed a charming view. Half way down, we found Frau von Ivernois, who came slowly toward us on Uncle Blunt's arm, and who, to the information of her sister that she had made no purchase, answered quietly:

"I knew that you would not," and with that joined us again.

When we for the second time passed the first villa, I saw that the agent was just locking the door of the house. I stood considering a moment, and examined once more the comfortable house and the pretty garden. Meanwhile, the man appeared at the outer railing and raised his hat.

"The lady is wrong not to take it, Herr Lieutenant," said he, regretfully; "such a good opportunity will not come soon again."

"Have you authority to conclude the business?" I asked, instead of answering.

"Certainly, sir."

"And five thousand five hundred is the lowest price?"

"The very lowest."

"How is the payment to be arranged?"

"One payment of three thousand dollars immediately; the rest by a mortgage at five per cent., with half yearly notice on both sides."

"Quite right—I purchase the property. When can we draw up the contract?"

"The preliminary one immediately; the legal one when you wish."

"Charming; then let us go; the affair is settled—an honest man is as good as his word. My name is Wagner—architect Wagner—from Berlin, at present a militia officer, living with Frau von Ivernois."

"O! I know the lady. Agent Baumann, here is my card, sir. I wish you much happiness in your acquisition."

So we walked down the mountain to the restaurant on the Victoria Hill, where we met the rest of the company. The preliminary contract was quickly drawn up and signed in the room of the landlord. Then the agent went down to the landing, and I betook myself with the paper, still moist, into the garden.

I was well satisfied with my purchase, and in my character as "householder and owner of a villa," holding the contract in my raised hand, I approached the rest, smiling, and inquired whether any one observed anything peculiar in me. They guessed this and that, but none hit the truth, till at last I laid the paper on the table before the Rathin.

"How—you have bought the villa?" she cried, quite astonished and unbelieving, even after she had hastily read the paper.

"Yes, Madame, and I give you a week's time for consideration whether you will step into my place or not."

"What! have you indeed closed the bargain for yourself?" cried Frau von Ivernois and the rest, directly; "really, I call that decision. My hearty congratulations on your acquisition."

And now each one wished to read the contract. Then they congratulated me and shook me by the hand. Uncle Blunt praised my prompt determination. Adda teased her mother about her indecision, but Margot aside looked at me quite critically and observantly. Then the rogue came slowly around the table, hung caressingly on my well arm, stroked my cheek with her long, slender fingers, and said:

"Really, Herr Wagner, now my aunt must take me away from the Institute, and we will marry and move up there. Ah, how beautiful it will be!"

She said this so drolly, the little mischief, and was so ludicrously tender while clinging to me, that all burst out together in a shout of laughter, till aunt Ivernois, who thought herself obliged to maintain a certain dignity, threatened her with her finger.

"But, Margot," said she, "how can so large a girl as you talk such trash? For shame! If Madame Gross heard you, she would not trust her ears."

Madame Gross was the principal of Margot's school.

"*O ma petite tante*," and at two bounds she hung on her aunt's neck. "Do not be angry. I cannot help liking Herr Wagner so much, oh, so much!" (with that she looked at me half tenderly, half mockingly, with a twinkle in her eyes) "and besides, up there, aunt, in our garden there are such wonderfully beautiful Reinerlandes, and such an abundance of grapes!"

"*Parole d'honneur, c'est une petite rabbiate!*" cried Uncle Blunt, laughing and rocking himself back and forth in his chair. "She does not even wait to be wooed. She goes the whole way alone! *C'est bien commode, n'est ce pas*, Monsieur Wagner—that is very convenient for us men!"

All laughed; even Mr. Howard made an indescribable face, and cast a stealthy glance over at Adda.

"Wilt thou then marry Herr Wagner only for the sake of the beautiful grapes?" Madame Heine teased the little Margot.

"She is quite right, Madame." I took the child's part. "One woos for love, another for money. She woos for the fine grapes, which are not even ripe yet, and is honest enough to say so." I do not know why the blood rushed so brightly to Adda's cheeks at this remark. She held her fan rather higher than was necessary to shield herself from an obtrusive sunbeam. The mamma looked a little surprised, Mr. Howard rather malicious, and each glanced significantly at the other, but that lasted scarcely a second.

"*Ma foi*, Monsieur Wagner," laughed uncle Blunt, with truly life-endangering movements of his chair, "if you catch the cat, you cannot say that you caught her in a bag."

When Margaret again clung to my arm, and I stroked her tangled curls, he nodded assentingly: "It is quite right; very good. How goes the German proverb: 'Quickly wooed, no one has rued,' is it not so?"

"Not so, uncle," corrected Madame Heine, "the proverb does not say 'quickly wooed,' but 'Wooed young, no one has rued.' there is considerable difference, I should think."

Uncle Blunt laughed so that we saw the gleam of his white teeth and drew his eyebrows half-way up his forehead. He thanked her for the kind correction and appeared very well satisfied and unconscious; but I think his laugh was not quite natural.

Frau von Ivernois looked somewhat uneasily into her coffee-cup and the Rathin and Mr. Howard exchanged a quick look of secret intelligence. Adda, on the contrary, smiled quite unconcerned, as if she observed nothing of it all, whilst the brownie at my side gave me to understand by a gentle push in the back that aunt Heine had just now committed a frightful blunder. Fortunately the procurator had taken a pinch of snuff shortly before, and sneezed very audibly several times.

The secretary of legation first spoke.

"Do not forget your contract, Mr. Wagner," and he pushed the paper toward me.

"Yes, our contract, give it to me!" cried Margot, extending her hand for it.

But uncle Blunt held it firmly, looked at the little thing quite earnestly with his large, piercing eyes, and asked: "Shall we not write on the back the contract du mariage, Mademoiselle?"

Margot also immediately made a very earnest face, cast down her eyes and trod lightly on my foot.

"*O mon Dieu!*" whispered she ashamed, and let her eyes, sparkling with pure roguery and wickedness, sweep around searchingly for a while, till they remained fixed upon Adda.

"Now then [illegible] went to consider at last," said Adda, jestingly.

The little witch then looked alternately, now at Adda, now at uncle Blunt and Mr. Howard, sitting as if on coals; then nodded at the uncle and threw herself, as if following a sudden impulse, on my breast. "Speak to my mother!" lisped she in a kind of stage-whisper, and modestly cast her eyes to the ground.

The effect of this little comedy was so irresistibly funny that we all needed some time in which to recover ourselves, for again and again a merry laugh broke out, like a fire in straw. Frau von Ivernois indeed shook her finger at her again, but Margot was already sitting in her chair, as well behaved, with folded hands, that it was impossible to be really angry.

Now all at once uncle Blunt sprang up and said he wished to make a little speech, if it was permitted.

"We celebrate to-day a three-fold festival," he began, and although he had not perfect command of the German language, he could not forbear to speak, in order to give expression to his own feelings, and to those of the persons here present.

"This is the first occasion of Herr Wagner's going out after a long confinement; his wound so honorably received begins to heal; and the same day, on which he may be considered convalescent, brings to him quite unexpectedly not only an attractive estate on the shore of the beautiful Elbe and in our vicinity, but also much more unexpectedly a still more attractive, charming betrothed, who, to be sure, is now as immature as the grapes up there. (Here Margot was much laughed at, but she appeared not to notice it, and moreover, preserved a very comical, solemn earnestness.) He rejoiced at my good fortune and more, that they, the others, might share it with me since I should, it was to be hoped, by the purchase of the villa and my betrothal, be removed permanently nearer to them all. Then smiling, he raised his coffee-cup and proposed three cheers for my welfare and happiness. In the general cheerfulness the cups clashed together and were emptied, the procurator even draining his at one draught. Uncle Blunt proposed further, in order to celebrate this day worthily and since time pressed, that he should undertake to provide the meats and wines and begged Mr. Howard, the distinguished diplomatist, with the assistance of the ladies, to undertake the outside department, the garlands, holiday speeches, &c.

His proposal met with general assent and uncle Blunt rose, entreating Madame Heine for her arm and her assistance, (which, by the way, appeared to me full of tact and quite diplomatic) and went with her into the house. The rest of us went up to the forest to bring the garlands. On the way Adda also congratulated me and teased me about my betrothed of thirteen years, who cast at her an indignant glance because her cousin dared to make her a whole half-year younger than she really was; then Adda placed a rose in my button-hole with a hearty laugh and extended her hand to me. When I thanked her, raising her hand to my lips, I accidentally saw that Mr. Howard grew pale. The latter was a Scotchman by birth and I did not then know that a kiss of the hand had with him a significance quite different from that in our own country. We then took a walk down on the shore, gathered meadow flowers and rushes and about 6 o'clock returned to the garden of the hotel. Here we found a prettily laid table ready on the open veranda, over which three Chinese lanterns were hung. Uncle Blunt and Madame Heine did the honors. They announced the banquet as opened by a splendid illumination and fire-works and invited us to take our places—the table-music had unfortunately not arrived. The evening was glorious and the little supper passed off very merrily, with champagne and delicious trout. Margot sat at my side. She played her part as my betrothed in all our sport quite faultlessly, drank rather too much wine for a school girl and toward the end of the meal could with difficulty be prevented from making a speech. Adda, too, was less reserved to-day than usual; she also drank rather too much champagne and became gayer and more attractive with each glass. Her eyes shone still more brightly, her lips became of a more brilliant carnation, she laughed twice as loud and heartily and her voice sounded like music in the warm evening air. Oh, how she charmed me by her beauty and grace, but still more by the perfect ease and self-possession with which she moved. Between the rock Blunt on the left, and sand-bank Howard on the right, she glided so quietly and securely, she swam so lightly over the dangerous waves, she was so fascinatingly naive, that I obtained the firm conviction that her heart is still entirely free. They may perhaps have begun gently to influence the girl, but neither of these two strange wooers has till to-day caused her a single unquiet hour. And I smiled calmly at these thoughts and felt very happy in the depths of my heart. It would be a thousand pities if this charming German nature should be transplanted to a strange soil and should come into such unskillful hands, indeed it would pine away among such cold hearts. "These horrid Englishmen," I thought, "they carry everything that is good and precious out of Germany, because they are rich enough to buy it, but that is no reason why they should also carry off our pretty maidens."

Later the carriage being ready we drove slowly homeward, crossing the Loschwitz ferry and rolling into the town just as the sun ceased glowing at the horizon behind the purple clouds and sky and earth were tinged with gold. I sat opposite Adda, the ruddy glow suffused her charming, beautiful face, and impressed a circle of gold upon her blonde hair. "How beautiful—how beautiful thou art!" my soul, cried out and dazzled, I looked aside.

My "betrothed" made a rather sour face when we brought her back to her school near the Prayne station; but it could not be otherwise, cruel necessity demanded that we must separate for to-day. "*Bonne nuit, petite tante, bonne nuit, ma belle, et vous, mon ami, soyez sage!*" With that, her eyes glanced quick as lightning from me to Adda, her finger, raised warningly, made an undefined motion in the air and she skipped into the house.

The carriage went on through the streets of the town, in which the lamps were now lighted and people crowded up and down, enjoying the fresh evening air; at last we stopped before our house. I helped the ladies to descend, thanked them for the pleasant day and betook myself to my room, and there looked out of the window, while the rest walked in the garden below, in the moonlight. I listened to the sound of their voices, till wearied with my unusually long stay in the open air, I fell quietly asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CINDERELLA.

CHAPTER III.

A GOOD MATCH FOR CINDY.

(Concluded From No. [illegible].)

From that day Mr. Allardeen sought opportunities to speak to the girl: many a time did he halt, as now, outside the open kitchen window, which looked to the side of the house and the more retired part of the garden. Once or twice he had found her outside at dusk, and they had paced the shrubbery together for five minutes, talking of her late father. The appellation, Cinderella, had grown into a jest between them; and she had not the least objection now to have it from his lips—liked it, in fact.

One morning at breakfast an expedition was proposed to Darley Wood, a welcome place of sweet shade at a mile or two's distance. The Miss Palmers (neighbors' daughters) and their brothers would go with them; and Mr. Allardeen would take his sketch-book. Sandwiches and biscuit would supply the place of lunch, and they could stay all day if they chose. Presently Mr. Allardeen took the broad path that led past the kitchen, and halted at the open window.

"Cinderella," said he, in a low, pleasant laughing tone, as he lingered over the word, and leaned his head in to see her cutting bread and butter for the sandwiches, in her fresh and pretty cotton dress, with the blue bow at the neck. "We are not going to the prince's ball, but we are going to spend the day in Darley Wood. Those cool, green, silent shades will be delightful in such heat as this. Can you not go with us?"

Ah, if she could! she longed for it unutterably. Mr. Allardeen did not see the hot tears that sprung to her eyes, for she turned round to conceal them.

"Thank you; I wish I could," she answered quietly.

"It will be more agreeable there than in your kitchen. Shall I ask Mrs. Munro to let you come?"

"No, thank you; it would be of no use. I could not go to-day."

"Well, I should have thought this would be an excellent opportunity, with all of us away; there will be no meals to prepare."

Lucinda shook her head. "Indeed, it is not convenient to-day," she said with a smile. "Some other time, perhaps."

Why should she tell him that there was the day's regular work to do, and that Susan was so useless? That there were also raspberries to be picked over and preserved, and a cake and tarts to make, and the late dinner to be prepared? What could he understand about it? The worst of it was, these things had never seemed so burdensome to her before, never so distasteful. The cool fresh green of the woods and valleys, and to watch him sketching—oh, what a contrast.

Wishing her good morning, Mr. Allardeen turned away. As soon as he was out of sight she sat down and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Cinderella! Yes, she was only Cinderella, and never would be anything else. She had not a cross, stepmother; she had no cruel sisters. But her aunt kept her to this lowering work; and her cousins danced and dressed, and could spend their hot days in the green dells in idleness, Mr. Allardeen their companion. Alas! she had no fairy godmother to come to her rescue as the other Cinderella had.

Drying her eyes, she went on with her work. Setting to with a will Lucinda got it done quickly, so as to obtain an hour in the afternoon for herself. Once amid her little paintings and sketches, she was happy. She would have been quite happy if she might but have shared in the benefit of Mr. Allardeen's instruction, as Laura daily did. But of course it was not to be thought of. He knew nothing about her being able to draw; and she would have had no time to take his instructions, had he been willing to give them.

As to these lessons of Laura's, all the house felt some curiosity in regard to them. Elizabeth openly declared that at school Laura had displayed more talent for drawing than she herself did for music; and, as everybody knew, Elizabeth did not know one note from another; and Lucinda did think it queer that a talent should be developed suddenly and spontaneously. At school Laura could not draw a map, or the simplest figure in geometry; at music she was clever.

Laura took her lessons from Mr. Allardeen in quite an unusual manner. She would not, and did not, draw before him; she was too shy; but she watched him draw sketches himself and listened as he showed her how she should touch this, fill in that. Every third or fourth morning Laura would come into his sitting-room with her carefully-locked portfolio, unlock it, and take out a sketch for his inspection that she had just completed. Over and over again Mr. Allardeen expressed himself astonished at the undoubted talent displayed; and would praise it highly, while Laura listened with shy, downcast eyes, and the softest blush on her white-rose cheeks.

"I cannot understand it, Laura," he more than once observed. "Talent—nay, I may say genius, for it is nothing less—such as you display, ought to have found its vent earlier. When I was a little lad I used to do crude things with my pencil; could not help doing them; and I should have expected you to do the same. True genius cannot be kept in."

"I was not well—taught—and I grew discouraged," murmured Laura. "But for you, I might never have found it out."

He shook his head unconvinced. As he said, he could not understand it.

"It is a singular thing, this new talent of Laura's for drawing!" observed Elizabeth one afternoon that she had made Lucinda come to her room and give her hair a brush. "She never had a talent for anything, except making the most of her beauty and dressing herself to advantage. Take care, Cindy, you are hurting me."

"Have you seen her sketches?" asked Cindy. "I wish she would show them to me! she knows how I delight in seeing good drawings."

"Not I. She won't show them to anybody. It's all put on, her modesty; just to look well in William Allardeen's eyes. But he does praise her work, and no mistake; he says it is wonderful, admirable. There, that will do, Cindy; you've brushed long enough. And now get my peach muslin, and try and pull out the bows a bit."

* * * * * * *

The weeks went on. A grand picnic was organized for a distance; some twenty people to share in it. Preparations were made in the shape of good dishes, Mrs. Munro's share of them being chiefly performed by Lucinda; the day arrived, and they started an hour after breakfast. Mr. Allardeen had ventured to say something about Miss Gay's making one of the party; but Mrs. Munro assured him that she could not be spared.

As desired by her aunt, Lucinda took the opportunity to put Mr. Allardeen's sitting-room to rights, and give it a thorough dusting, when, to her excessive surprise, Mr. Allardeen entered.

"Why!" she exclaimed, in her astonishment. "Is it *you*? What have you come back for?" He laughed.

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella. What were you doing in my room?"

"Putting it straight," she answered. "My aunt told me to do it."

"Then you will have the goodness not to do it any more; and to put that duster out of your hand. I cannot allow young ladies to go down on their knees for me."

She blushed a good deal. Her heart was beating violently. Taking the duster with her, she was turning to leave the room, when her eye was caught by a small exquisite water-color drawing, which Mr. Allardeen inadvertently disclosed to view in moving some papers on a side-table.

"Oh, how beautiful!" was her involuntary exclamation. "May I just look at it?"

He put it into her hands, and watched the the delighted expression of her countenance as she examined it in silence.

"You are fond of drawings?" he said.

Fond! That was not the word for it. By the few remarks she made, he soon found she understood art fairly well, and that it was her chief enjoyment in life. He said no more, however, and Lucinda left the room.

The cause of his return was very simple; calling at the post-office (to which his letters were sometimes addressed) as he went with the picnic party through the town, he found an important letter waiting for him, which required an immediate answer. To the dismay of some of the party, for Mr. Allardeen was a general favorite, he turned back home to write it.

"But you won't be long, Mr. Allardeen?" cried Laura. "We had better wait here for you?"

"Certainly not. Your carriages can go on. I will charter a horse and come after you."

"Be sure and make him go fast," called out Laura, innocently silly, as usual.

Mr. Allardeen wrote his answer, and took it to the post-office. Again Lucinda supposed he had left for the day. She was snatching a few minutes' rest under the shady trees in the pleasant morning air, when he came striding up the path.

"Are you—not going to join them?" questioned Lucinda, timidly.

"I think not. The man at the inn has no horse that I particularly care to mount."

The answer brought her some sudden perplexity; if Mr. Allardeen stayed at home, he would want lunch and dinner. What was to be done? Nothing had been ordered. She and Susan had both thought they were free from such cares for the day.

"Would you like to come in and look at my portfolio of drawings, Miss Lucinda?"

"Oh, if I might!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed.

They went in through the glass doors. He opened his portfolio and carelessly exposed its treasures. Lucinda stood entranced, for long how, she hardly knew. She had an artist's eye; the very few remarks she made told him that.

"Here's one of rather more pretension," he said, throwing open the door of a small closet; in which, on a shelf, stood a covered drawing, leaning against the wall. "Did you look at it when you were here this morning?"

"Indeed, no. I should not open the doors of your private places."

"This is no Bluebeard's closet. Look there."

Putting up the tissue paper which covered it, the drawing, a water-color stood out to view.

It was a quaint old kitchen; dim, shadowy, lighted only by the dying embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

It was not very light, and Lucinda took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, for Mr. Allardeen watched her eagerly. Her eye wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail; then to the name at the top, "Cinderella," then to the girl's drooping figure. After gazing silently, she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own face; she was the Cinderella.

"Have I vexed you?" he asked. "I did not mean to. If I have you must forgive me."

"No, no, I am not vexed," she answered, subduing her tears. "Just when I saw her standing there, I felt a great pity, and thought, 'Oh, she has to be in the kitchen as I have.' And the next moment I saw myself, and—and—it is nothing, Mr. Allardeen, but life does seem hard at times."

"You would rather pass your days in an artist's studio than in custard-making, Miss Lucinda."

"Please don't talk of it. Oh!" she exclaimed, starting, as the little clock on the mantle-piece struck one. "I did not think it was half so late."

"And what if it is? Where are you going? You have not seen all the drawings."

"But there's lunch to be thought of, and dinner——"

"Dinner be dispensed with," he interrupted laughing. "Lunch also. Confess, now—you were not going to prepare dinner for yourself."

"No, there's cold meat for me and Susan. But now you have come home——"

"Now I have come home I shall eat cold meat too. And if you don't like that, Miss Lucinda, I'll touch nothing but bread and butter."

"But my aunt will be so angry with me!"

"Leave her anger to me."

That was a red-letter day for Lucinda. She would never in all her life forget it. After revelling amidst the sketches, Mr. Allardeen made her sit out under the trees, now reading snatches of poetry to her, now talking to her unrestrainedly in his pleasant voice. By the time evening came, Lucinda seemed to have known him for years.

But she had not had the courage to tell him that she drew herself. She longed to tell him; and two or three times the words had risen to the tip of her tongue; only to be suppressed.

On the afternoon of the day following this, Mr. Allardeen sat in the large arbor, reading letters that the day mail had brought him. Leaning back comfortably in the rustic summer-house, a cigar in his mouth, he folded up his letters, and then took up the newly arrived *Art Journal*. Hearing footsteps approach, he looked up and saw Laura advancing, portfolio in hand.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her head childishly and her pretty hair. "Especially just when you have your letters. But I came nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. Oh, Mr. Allardeen," and she laid her fingers upon the tip of his coat-sleeve, appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he threw away his cigar, took the little sketch, or design, from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing on the table before him, and bent over it.

"The design is remarkable, very remarkable for the work of a beginner, Laura," he said, at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What do you mean by this sketch? Put your thoughts into words."

He was surprised—puzzled, for he thought the drawing wonderful. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty; William Allardeen had enjoyed it, as he enjoyed a lovely picture. But he had soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de Medici. A woman without a soul could not make these sketches, as he believed. Those she brought to him, day after day, betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, quite beyond his comprehension. The execution was often faulty—but the power was there undeniably. And this was the best of them all.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your idea. But tell me what it was?"

A step sounded on the gravel-walk; Lucinda going by to pick some parsley. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; she never would let any one see them, save Mr. Allardeen; but by some means this one sketch fell, and the wind wafted it to Lucinda's feet.

"Don't touch it, don't touch it," shrieked Laura. But Lucinda, meaning no harm, was too quick for her, and had picked it up.

"Why, this is mine!" cried Lucinda in astonishment, her eye kindling with a sudden light. "Where did you find it, Laura? You must have got it from my room. And what right have you to show my things to Mr. Allardeen?"

"It is not yours, it is mine," retorted Laura, who had turned as white as a sheet; while Mr. Allardeen, singularly interested, stood at the door and looked on. "*Mine*. I drew it myself. How dare you assert ridiculous falsehoods?"

Lucinda colored painfully. She had drawn part of that sketch yesterday at sunset, and filled it in at dawn this morning. But she would not betray Laura.

"Let it pass, then," she said, and would have turned away to get the parsley.

But Mr. Allardeen stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Gay; that you did it?"

Lucinda looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statue.

"I ask whether you did it, Miss Gay. Did you do this?—and this?" taking others from the portfolio. "Speak out."

Lucinda took the sketch from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she pointed to certain minute characters. Looking attentively, he read the name "Cinderella." Turning, he he looked at Laura.

"Some mistake," she faltered, hands and lips alike trembling; "I must have taken up Cindy's instead of my own." Yes, she had taken Cindy's sketches out of her room and exhibited them as her own.

What passed in the next few minutes Lucinda could hardly ever recall. It was like a bewildering dream. Laura had disappeared, leaving the portfolio; on every sketch within it was the private mark "Cinderella." In her own sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Allardeen. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragement. He had recognized in her, partly untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she laid her head on the table and cried, partly with joy, partly at the discomfort touching Laura. William Allardeen laid his hand gently on her head.

"Don't cry, Cinderella. You have surely found your fairy god-mother."

Whether she had found her fairy godmother or not, she had found *him*.

"Which will you do, my dear one," he whispered. "Stay in the kitchen here?—or come with me to live at an artist's studio?"

"I—I dare say it was a mistake," she pleaded, trembling and blushing. "Please don't tell of Laura."

"Never mind Laura; we can do without her. I want you, Lucinda. Ah, my dear one, the first hour I saw you, with your father's wonderful eyes, my heart went out to you. Will you come to me to my studio, and be my dear wife?—my very own little Cinderella?"

Cinderella burst into tears, and hid her face in his arms. By-and-by, Susan came clattering down to see what had become of the parsley.

"Well, and I declare I'm glad of it!" honestly spoke Mrs. Munro, when matters were disclosed to her. "Though I believe Laura did look upon him as sure to be hers, I'm glad of it. It's a first-rate match for Cindy. And I'm afraid, what with the kitchen and other things, life here was rather hard for her at times."

A SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKE STORY

The following "good one" is related by Lady Baker, in a letter from South Africa, to *Lippincott's Magazine*:

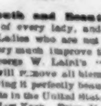
There was once a certain valiant man of many adventures whose Kafir title was "the prince of—fibs," and he used to relate the following experience: One day—so long ago that breech-loading guns were unknown and the process of reloading was a five-minute affair—he came upon a large and deadly snake making as fast as it could for its hole hard by. Of course, such a thing as escape could not be permitted, and as there was no other weapon at hand, the huntsman determined to shoot the huge reptile. But first the gun must be loaded, and whilst this was being done, lo! the snake's head had already disappeared in the hole! in another instant the whole body would have followed. A sudden grasp at the tail, a rapid, bold jerk, flung the creature a yard or two off. Did it attempt to show fight? Oh no; it glided as swiftly as ever toward the same shelter from which it had been so rudely plucked. The ramrod was rapidly plied, the charge driven home, but there was yet the percussion-cap to be adjusted. Once more the tail was grasped, the snake pulled out and flung still further away. Again did the wily creature approach the hole. In another instant the cap would be on and the gun cocked, but everything depended on that instant. The sportsman kept his eye fixed on his artful foe even whilst his fingers deftly found and fixed the percussion-cap. What, then, was his horror and dismay to find that he had, for once, met his match, and that the snake, recognizing the desperate nature of his position, and keeping a wary eye on the hunter's movements, instead of going into his hole for the third time in the usual method, had turned round and was backing in *tail first!* Is it not delightful?

THE TAKING OF FOOD BY AQUATIC ANIMALS.

When a fish snaps up an object it first opens its mouth and closes it gill flaps; and opens the gills when it closes the mouth. When it wishes to reject a disagreeable morsel, on the other hand, it first, with closed mouth, opens the gill slits, and enlarges the mouth-cavity, then shuts the gill slits and simultaneously opens the mouth. By narrowing the mouth-cavity throughout its length, it now forces out the contents; and in doing so it is driven backwards by the reaction, like a canon, when it is fired. If we think of it a little more closely, we shall see that, without the gill slits, the fish could not snap up any object, and so could not eat, because the morsel, if it got into the mouth-cavity, would, on closing the mouth, be ejected. The reason is simply this: On opening, the mouth-cavity fills with water after the manner of a pump, and the morsel is taken in through suction of the portion of water through which it floats. It can now be held fast in the mouth only if the water finds a mode of exit so narrow that the morsel cannot escape along with it. For this the mouth slit is nowise fitted, for if it be closed, so that a small morsel cannot escape by it, it affords no easy outflow for the water. But the want is fully met by its gill apparatus, which presents a double row of long narrow slits, each of which is generally a good deal longer than the mouth slit, so that the water can readily flow away without the morsel being being carried off along with it. But again, if a fish were obliged to eject by its mouth the water it had taken up, it would be driven backwards at each bite, and have to expend force wastefully in recovering its ground by swimming, which would be specially disadvantageous in flowing water. On the contrary however, as the water flows out backwards through the gill slits, the fish receives each time an impulse which drives it forwards, and the maintenance of its position in rapid water is thus rendered more easy. From these conditions, it becomes possible to explain a number of the arrangements found in aquatic animals, as compared with those which live in air.

AN ELEPHANT AS NURSE.

A large elephant showed, by constant flagellation of his body, that he was much annoyed by his tiny persecutors, the mosquitoes, and just at that time the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round as a ball, which in India I believe they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindoostanee, "Watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed its whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of India-ink, and driving away every mosquito which came near it; this he continued for upward of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned.



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NIGHT.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

The sun that late its beauty shed,
With beams effulgent on the mead,
Has sunk behind the mountain's head,
And night now reigneth solemnly!

Along the fleecy clouds are driven,
Across the starry lamps of heaven;
Where, twinkling in their zone, the seven
Are shining out so brilliantly!

Resounding from the wood-clad hill,
The hooting owl the air doth fill,
And sweetly sounds the falling rill,
That floweth on eternally!

Sweet hour of rest! calm hour of prayer!
A dewy stillness fills the air,
And man forgets his daily care,
And slumbers dreaming peacefully!

A STRANGE MYSTERY, OR THE MACKERELS OF MEMPHIS

BY DR. WM. S. FAHY.

CHAPTER I.

"She claims to be your brother's widow?"

"Yes."

"Why do you doubt her?"

"These two photographs will tell."

I examined them.

"Hum," I said, "rather strange, truly."

"And this marriage certificate, which if you examine closely, you will perceive has been tampered with," said my visitor.

"So, so, sure enough!" I replied, holding it up to the light, "the first figure was originally a 1, and has evidently been altered to a 2. Strange, very strange!"

"I will pay all your expenses and give you two thousand dollars, Mr. Bartmoon, if you clear up this case satisfactorily."

"I will try, Mr. Woodson. Call on me again in the morning, and I will give you a definite answer."

"Thank you. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Woodson."

And my visitor, Julian Woodson, Esq., commission merchant, Race street, departed.

And this was the strange story he told me in the private office of Ferret & Bartmoon.

"On the 10th day of August, 1853, George Francis Woodson, the brother of Julian, made a trip to the 'Sunny South,' to negotiate for a plantation, which, if the terms were reasonable, it was his intention to purchase. He stopped on his route at the city of Memphis, Tennessee, and there became acquainted with a most beautiful lady, who moved in the best society of that city. Her name was De Verneux, and it was reported that she was the daughter of a French noble of distinction. Woodson became infatuated, and despite the warnings of friends, determined to make the lady his wife. He called upon her reputed father, who claimed to be an exile from La Belle, France, but had nothing in the world to show his right to be classed among the high born of his native land, save a few musty-looking ancient parchments, of the French Regime, of 1809, said documents stating that the Chevalier Gustave De Verneux had been 'Maitre de Ceremonie' to his Majesty, Louis Philip, King of the French, and was entitled by various meritorious deeds, &c., &c., to the honorary titles of 'Grand Seigneur of the Cross of Egypt, Duc de Masillon,' and 'Purveyor Royal to the Squadron de Algiers,'—nothing in the wide world save the aforesaid documents, for the Chevalier was as poor as the much-quoted church mouse, making his living—if living it could be called—by teaching the violin and guitar to the fashionable young gents and ladies of the city of Memphis. His reputed daughter was his pride, his darling. He doated on her and watched her movements as only a keen-witted French father, well posted in the peculiar disposition of French maidens, can watch."

On the night of the 17th day of August, 1853, the brutally murdered body of the Chevalier Gustave De Verneux was found on the levee opposite "Bill Haydon's wharfboat and saloon," near the foot of Jefferson street.

On the morning of the 17th day of August, 1853, the "Grand Turk," with George Garston Woodson on board, stopped at the city of Cairo, Illinois, several hundred miles above the city of Memphis.

On the evening of the 17th day of August, 1853, Marie De Verneux, the daughter of the exile noble, was at a grand masked ball, given at the old Assembly rooms, on Main street, by a brother of the celebrated Sam Houston, of Texas. Said brother then acting as Sheriff of Memphis.

On the same evening a ragged, bareheaded urchin, keen-witted and shrewd, uncouth and ill-mannered, rushed in wild haste up the brilliantly illuminated stairs which led to the vestibule of the ball-room, and in stentorian tones yelled—

"Houston! Oh-o-o-o Houston! Oh! Sheriff!"

A rush was made to the door by the various masters of ceremonies, and the ragged, yelling urchin was seized roughly by the collar of what had once been a coat.

"What do you mean you young villan?" said the foremost "Maitre" shaking the roaring imp, roughly.

"Nof-nof-noffin, only I wants to see the Sheriff!" said the quaking ragamuffin.

"Who calls my name?" said a tall, portly looking individual, stepping to the door and gazing inquiringly at the group in the vestibule.

The masters of ceremonies stepped aside and the urchin looking up at the towering form before him, asked:

"Be you Sheriff Houston?"

"I am sonny. What do you want?"

"Oh, noffin much, only I found a corpusus at the foot of Jefferson street!"

"A what, sir?" inquired the amazed Sheriff.

"A corpusus! A dead body! yelled the boy; "and his throat was cut from ear to ear!"

The boy shivered from head to foot, and his hearers gazed upon him in bewildered stupefaction.

The Sheriff at length spoke.

"Do you know him?"

"In coorse I does. It wur the corpusus of old De Verneux, the music teacher, of Adams street!"

A wild, thrilling scream of anguish broke on the air as the boy uttered the last words, and a beautiful woman, lovely as a Hebe, her breast undulating and her features distorted with fearful anguish, rushed up to the boy, placed her hand over his mouth and fell limp and prostrate at the feet of the astounded Sheriff.

At the same moment a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, rushed from the ball-room, and seizing the young lady in his arms, lifted her from the floor and laid her on a lounge in the vestibule.

"What does all this mean? What is the matter darling?" he said as he placed the inanimate form of the lovely woman on the sofa.

"Hum!—dash me if I know, sir? Do you?" said the astonished sheriff.

"Dummed if that ain't *him, sure*," yelled the ragged urchin, starting back, his eyes glassy with horror.

"Him—whom—what in thunder do you mean, boy?" said the Sheriff, shaking the shivering little wretch, vigorously.

"Him—him as done it! The feller what cut old DeVerneux's throat—I SEED HIM!"

A stalwart arm reached forth in the direction of the kneeling young man, gazing tenderly into the beautiful face, pale and lifeless on the sofa—and a large white, firm hand was laid upon his shoulder. He heeded it not.

"Your name, sir?"

"Julia, speak to me; in Heaven's name, *what* does all this mean?"

"Your name, sir?" repeated Sheriff Houston.

The young man arose from his recumbent position, still holding the hand of the woman he called Julia, and answered,

"George Francis Woodson, sir, of St. Louis. And now that I have answered, will you be so kind as to give me an explanation of this strange scene?"

"Him, sure as you're born!" ejaculated the wild-eyed ragamuffin, gazing first at the puzzled sheriff, and then at the young man who gave his name as George Francis Woodson.

"I demand an explanation, sir," repeated the young man, clenching his hands, convulsively.

"Oh, well," said the dignified sheriff, "if you *will* have it, this boy accuses you of a foul murder, and, false or true sir, *I arrest you in the name of the law!*"

The young man seemed turned to stone. He gazed in a wild, bewildered manner at the sheriff, while the woman, half rising from her recumbent position, screamed,

"Oh! oh! No! no! Not *him!* For Heaven's sake, not him! IT WAS FRANCIS!"

"I arrest you both! Gentlemen, call the Police," said Sheriff Houston.

"Perlice! Perlice!! Perlice-e-e!!!" yelled the ragamuffin.

"Shut up, you scamp; you'll rouse the whole ball room," said the sheriff.

"Don't care a dum ef I does," vociferated the urchin. "I seed that feller cut old DeVerneux's throat, or my name aint Thoskin, the mackerel."

CHAPTER II.

THE DUNGEON CELL.

The Penitentiary, Nashville, Tennessee. There needs must be such places in this wicked world of ours. But oh! how fearfully heart-rending is it to the sensitive mind to realize the necessity for such dreadful abodes for criminal, downfallen man! The cold, dark, dismal cells, the brutal lash, the fearful, agonized screech as it descends on the quivering flesh; the cold, unsympathetic glance of the hardened overseer, as he calmly draws the bloody strips of tangled, lead-loaded leather through his extended fingers, and then whirls the untangled "cat" over his head and brings it with a sickening "thud" on the naked back of the quivering wretch, tied hands and feet to the horrible "whipping post." Faugh! my heart shudders with a sickening horror as the scene rises vividly before me."

"Ah, Bartmoon!" and the stony glance of the imperturbable overseer changed in an instant to a smile of glad welcome as he threw the fearful "cat" on the cold, damp pavement of the cell room, and cordially shook my hand.

Blame him not. He had a heart, and a good one, too; but stern duty and the *orders emanating from the Legislature of the State*, compelled him to do that which every instinct of his heart shrank at. He had to live. For twenty years he had been a public official. Like the hangman of London, and the Headsman of Paris, he obeyed the orders of his superior officers.

Jack Kershaw obeyed in all things, and when the worthy warden himself, "under the law" said, "Jack, give Woodson twenty lashes!" Jack obeyed without comment.

Thank God there are *some* States where such horrible barbarism is not found on their statute boooks.

The man called Woodson was tied by the hands and feet to a perpendicular post in the cell building, and his naked back was striped like a zebra's with long transverse purple welts, each one of which was oozing dark clotted lumps of foamy gore.

Torquemada, the Jesuit Inquisitor of ancient Spain, would have gloated on the horrible sight. I shuddered.

"Take the man down, Warden," I said, "he is free!"

"Free! What do you mean, Bartmoon?"

"Here is his pardon," I answered, handing the document to the astonished warden.

"George Francis Woodson, you are free!" The tied up victim to judicial wrath, made no reply.

Jack Kershaw turned pale and approached the "post."

He started back in horror,—

"God in Heaven!" he exclaimed, "THE MAN IS DEAD;"

Even so.

Either the cruel lash, or the too sudden joy of the knowledge of his pardon had killed him.

Opinion of the Penitentiary physician on the inquest "Disease of the heart."

The "*Dies Iræ*"—the Day of Judgment—will tell the tell the tale, who murdered George Francis Woodson on the 17th day of August, 1863, ten years after his incarceration for life for the reputed murder of the Chevalier Gustave De Verneux.

For four persons swore positively to the fact that they saw De Verneux and Woodson together five minutes before the murder and one of them testified that he saw Woodson cut the throat of the old Chevalier as he lay prostrate on the ground.

Yet George Francis Woodson was as innocent as a prattling child and the four Mackerels of Memphis, his prosecutors, were murderers and perjurers of the most ensanguined dye.

Let the sequel prove.

Three horror-stricken men loosed the body from its cruel fastenings and laid it shudderingly on the cold pavement of the prison hall.

"A bad job, Bartmoon," said the warden, "but God knows I am not to blame; I had to do my duty."

"What was his offence?" I inquired.

"He struck one of the lessees, and the Prison Supervisors ordered him twenty lashes. I laid 'em on light, too," half sobbed poor Jack; "but his skin was mighty white and tender!"

"Well, he was innocent, and now let us go—this sight sickens me. Have you a man named Emeroy Podesta working in the quarry?"

"I have," replied the warden.

"Then please have him brought into your private office."

"Certainly, Bartmoon. Jack attend to it immediately."

"All right, sir," replied that worthy as he departed on his mission.

Ten minutes afterwards I was seated in the cozy sanctum of the warden, and before me stood quivering and quailing under a stern penetrative glance:

Thoskin, the King Mackerel of Memphis.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT THE PAPERS SAID."

From *Memphis Appeal*, of October, 1853:

"The great trial is over at last, and George Francis Woodson, the vile murderer of the music teacher, De Verneux, is consigned by a verdict of twelve men, "good and true," to pass the balance of his days within the cold damp walls of a felon's cell in the Penitentiary at Nashville. Thus may it always be. We are opposed to the death penalty, though if man ever richly deserved it that man was the brutal murderer, Woodson. The strange mystery which surrounded the case remained unexplained. Why a refined gentleman—and Woodson, though a vile impostor, had every appearance of one—should be guilty of such a foul and execrable deed is one of those strange problems that psychologists and compilers of works on medical jurisprudence delight to attempt to solve, yet attempt in vain. That Woodson was guilty there cannot now be the shadow of a doubt, the evidence was too conclusive, too plain, to admit of any other verdict than the one given. The daughter of the murdered man, who was arrested at the same time with Woodson, on account of a strange remark she made to Sheriff Houston, immediately on her dismissal—there being no evidence whatever against her save the suspicions naturally engendered by her strange remark—disappeared, and no one knows whither she went. Take it all in all, this has been one of the strangest criminal cases it has ever been the province of this paper to chronicle."

From the Memphis *Avalanche*, of September, 1854:

"Our readers may remember a singular character, one of our Mackerels who delighted in the name of Thoskin, young as he was, (only seventeen) yet he was the acknowledged King, a ragged one truly, of those predatory pests of our virtuous and promising little city. Well, this embryo 'Sixteen String Jack,' who held such a prominent place in the minds of our worthy readers during the great 'Woodson murder case,' has at length come to grief. His royal palace—a cellar in a deserted house on Adams street—was raided on the other night by our efficient police, and His Majesty arrested. His courtiers, by some mysterious *hocus pocus*, managed to escape, presumably through a hole in the cellar wall, through which it was impossible for our well-fed aldermanic-proportioned police to pass. His Majesty on being conducted to police headquarters gave in the name of Emeroy Podesta to the recording clerk, the place of his nativity, the city of Naples, Italy, and his profession a *lazzaroni*, or beggar, to which he might very appropriately have added *ladrone* (thief). As a large amount of property, consisting of watches, rings, antique crosses set in gold, and *Lapis Lazuli* were found on his person, and as several of our most worthy citizens have come forward and identified all the property, *save the crosses*, as theirs, it is hoped that His Majesty, who speaks English remarkably well for an Italian, will set up his royal throne within the walls of the palace at Nashville, expressly designed by our philanthropic Legislature for kingly heroes of his stamp."

So much for what the papers said, now for the little tete-a-tete between myself and King Thoskin in the Warden's parlor in the Nashville State Prison.

"Ah, Thoskin, my man, glad to see you."

"Don't know you!" (with a sullen downcast air).

"Faith, my boy, you'll know me too well for your own good before I get through with you. When is your time up?"

"To-morrow morning!" Why? (half fiercely).

"Oh, nothing; I merely wished to know, that's all."

I put my hand into my breast pocket and pulled out a large cross, formed from imitation lapous lazuli, but set in pure guinea gold. In the centre of the cross, and set into the gold was a circlet of pearls, their creamy purity destroyed by dark rusty-looking spots dotting them here and there, and lying in little lumps in the hollows between the pearls.

"Thoskin do you know this cross?" I asked, holding it up to his gaze.

A pale, sickly pallor overspread his sallow face.

"Never saw it before!" was the quick reply.

"Ah, indeed! You see these pearls, you behold little dark spots on them. Thoskin, my dear fellow, the ugly spots which destroy the purity of the lovely pearls, is blood!

He shivered perceptibly.

Detectives at times are like a cat playing with the mouse ere it gives the grand coupe. It is the genius of their profession; without that peculiar art they might as well throw up their cards to Satan and permit Vice to grin in complacent security; with it—this cat-like quality—the shrewdest adept in villainy is often through the sheer workings of a disturbed conscience, brought to bay and compelled to voluntary confession.

I placed the cross on the Warden's table, while the Warden himself sat quietly gazing in half wonder at my strange proceedings.

From the pocket which had held the cross I drew out an old leather scabbard, and from its mouldy recesses, pulled a long keen-edged sharp, but rusted knife. The knife in itself was peculiar—it was one of the much dreaded knives of the fishermen of Naples—used by that industrious class to disembowel their fish, and at times a belligerent comrade.

"Queer knife, ain't it, my dear Thoskin?" I held it within an inch of his nose, and he drew back shivering with apparent disgust.

"Ah, you don't like the smell of blood, poor fellow. Well, let us see what are these strange letters on the handle evidently carved by a practiced hand in Roman letters.

THOSKIN.

"Ah! Why bless me, that is your name!"

It was too much, the guilty wretch, his mind weakened by years of imprisonment and subjugation at length gave way. With a groan of unutterable anguish he sank his knees on the carpeted floor.

"That will do," I said, as I picked up the cross and restored it along with the knife to my breast pocket. Warden Blank, you will take good care of Signor Emeroy Podesta alias Thoskin, for to-morrow, on the expiration of his sentence, I will have the authority from the Governor of Tennessee, to arrest him for the murder of Gustave De Verneux.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THERE has been recently incorporated in Boston an association of teachers and others interested in the introduction of the Metric weights and measures, under the name of the "American Metric Bureau." Art. 2 of its constitution reads as follows:—

"The object of this Bureau shall be to disseminate information concerning the Metric System; to urge its early adoption; and to bring about actual introductions wherever practicable. To this end it will secure the delivery of addresses; publish articles; circulate books, pamphlets and charts; distribute scales and measures; introduce the practical teaching of the system in schools; and in all proper ways, as far as the means at its disposal will allow, the Bureau will urge the matter upon the attention of the American people till they shall join the rest of the world in the exclusive use of the International Decimal Weights and Measures."

This Bureau already includes among its members many of our prominent educators, and its numbers are rapidly increasing. An office has been opened at 14 Tremont Place, Boston, and as soon as suitable arrangements can be made, branch offices are to be opened in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other central localities, where all persons interested are invited to call or to write freely in regard to any matter pertaining to the work of the Bureau.

SELF-DENIAL.—There are many seasons in a man's life, and the more exalted and responsible his station, the more frequently do those seasons recur, when the voice of duty and the dictates of feeling are opposed to each other; and it is only the weak and the wicked who yield that obedience to the selfish impulses of the heart, which is due to reason and honor.

HOW LOGGERS LIVE.

Three hundred men will cover and cut a section of about three square miles, taking off over 60,000 logs, which would measure about 10,000,000 feet each season. Work begins at daylight and ends at dark; and when the days lengthen and the moon favors a longer twilight or earlier morn, the men get the benefit in longer working hours. On the river, when the drive is started, work begins at three o'clock in the morning and ends at nine in the evening, the men having five meals: breakfast at six, lunch at nine, dinner at twelve, supper at five and tea at nine. The meals consist of pork and beans, corn bread, molasses cake and tea or coffee.

No stint is given to a man's appetite. The fare, such as it is, is abundant, monotonous, nutritious and cheap. A cook is provided for every fifty men. The beans are generally the large white bush, parboiled in pots holding half a bushel, then ten pounds of pork is set in the middle of the beans in the pot, a quarter of a pint of molasses is poured in, and then the pot is set in a hole surrounded with hot ashes and burning charcoal, the top covered with a stone, over which a heavy wood fire is built; and here they stay from five to eight hours, coming out a most palatable dish. All the baking is done in rudely built stone ovens, which are heated before the dough is mixed, with a great wood fire. The loaves of biscuit or cake are set upon the hot stones, and are cooked quickly and thoroughly.

A camp of three hundred men will consume daily four barrels of beans, one-half a barrel of flour, half a barrel of meal, one-quarter of a barrel of sugar, and five gallons of molasses. The men are encamped in tents, making their beds of boughs, while their extra clothing, a pair of duck overalls, a flannel shirt and two pairs of woolen socks, is kept in an old grain sack and used as a pillow at night.

The Sabbath in the woods is always a day for sharpening axes, mending sleds, repairing boots and clothes, setting out a new tenting spot handier to the cutting in the woods, and all the odd chores which would grow out of the congregation of so large a body of men. All well-regulated camps exclude liquor. The work being usually fifty to two hundred miles from any settlement, and the men not being paid until the end of the season, there is little inducement for any speculator to peddle rum through the woods, or for the men to straggle off in search of it.

The consumption of axes and handles is enormous, an axe lasting a month and a handle about three weeks. The axes are sharpened daily, some camps having regular sharpeners, while others require each man to keep his own axe in order. The old axes are never collected for the junk dealer, the distance to ship them being too great to make it an economical measure. Woodsmen general consider spruce harder on axes than either birch or pine. The gum which runs out of the spruce tree is often found hard enough to chip the edge of the axe when striking through it. The styles of axes differ with nationalities, a Canadian chopper preferring a broad square blade with the weight more in the blade than elsewhere, the handles being short and thick. A down-East logger, one from Maine, selects a long narrow head, the blade in crescent shape, the heaviest part in the head above the eye. New York cutters select a broad, crescent-shaped blade, the whole head rather short, and the weight balanced evenly and below the eye, that is, where the handle goes through. A Western backwoodsman selects a long blade, the corners only rounded off, and the eye holding the weight of the axe. The American chopper as a rule selects a long straight handle. The difference in handling is that a down-Easter takes hold, with both hands, of the extreme end, and throws his blows easily and gracefully, with a long sweep, over the left shoulder. A Canuck chops from directly over his head, with the right hand well down on the handle to serve in jerking the blade out of the stick. A Westerner catches hold at the end of his handle, with the hands about three inches apart, and delivers his blows rather direct from over the left shoulder.

In fact, an expert in the woods can tell the nationality or State a man has been reared in by seeing him hit one blow with an axe. It is, however, an interesting fact to know that a Yankee chopper, with his favorite axe and swinging cut, can, bodily strength being equal, do a fifth more work in the same time than any other cutter, and be far less fatigued. This, in a very large degree, will account for the greater percentage of Maine men who will be found each year in the woods of Northern New England and New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT DIVERS.

Very exaggerated stories have been told as to the endurance of experienced divers under water—that is of those who go into the depths, like the pearl seekers in the Indian seas, without any mechanical assistance. It is folly to say, as many do say, that the pearl divers of the East are able, by constant practice, to remain under water from ten to fifteen minutes.

Very skillful and experienced divers may remain under water for two, but they very rarely remain there for three minutes. The best of the Ceylon divers, in fact, do not often continue submerged for more than a minute and a half, and their condition of health must be very good to permit them to do this.

Those who use the diving dress, which makes the wearer look so frightful that even sharks are said to be frightened by it, must be physically qualified for the work. Many a strong fellow has gone down, and, after a short pause, has reappeared, bleeding alarmingly at nose ears and mouth.

The strain upon a diver's physical powers depends mainly upon the depth to which he ventures. The greatest depth to which the Ceylon pearl divers go is thirteen fathoms (a fathom is six feet); but the usual depth is nine fathoms, and they do not go down except when the water is placid.

The external pressure on an average-sized man, who may be assumed to present about six thousand inches of surface, would be, at a depth of twenty fathoms (one hundred and twenty feet), nearly nine tons. The greatest depth to which any man can safely descend, with existing appliances, is about one hundred and sixty feet.

A diver goes down with shoe soles weighing together about twenty-eight pounds, and with fifty-six pounds more on his back and breast. For a depth of one hundred and sixty feet, he would require to be weighted with not less than one hundred and twelve pounds, and at the outset any nervous bungling might result in his reaching the bottom the wrong end uppermost.

It is usual, in shallow water, for a man to drop from the end of a short ladder, hung over the side of a boat, merely carrying a coil of line with him. In deeper water, however, it is obvious that in dropping in this manner there would be great risk of being carried away from the desired spot, and the common plan is first to send down a line with a heavy weight at the end of it. This weight being properly planted, the line will, of course, afford a guide down by which the diver may gently lower himself, and which, held on to, will enable the man to wander over the bottom of the deep, or into the hold of the vessel, being of course connected with the aerial world by a breathing tube, and carrying a life line to that by which he descended, as a means of finding his way back again in the dark.

We say "in the dark," for the interior of a ship under water is in utter darkness. The gloom or the light at the bottom of the sea depends on the clearness, smoothness and depth of water.

In some parts of the word the transparency of the sea is said to be somewhat marvelous. Travellers have given wonderful accounts of the brilliancy and beauty of the Carribean sea bottom, as seen lying at immense depths below the surface.

ONE WAY TO GET RICH.—Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody, to befriend none, to get everything and save all you can get, to stint yourself and everybody belonging to you, to be the friend of no man and have no man for your friend, to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean miserable and despised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth has been collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work; the body is buried in a hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?

A CURIOUS FACT.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies, who cherish for them the highest respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are their favorites.—*Addison.*

DEATH PROPORTIONS.—It is now an established fact that in this country males are cut off in a higher proportion than females, and that the ratio of that higher death-rate in the males is the same from year to year.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

OYSTER STEW.—Take one quart of oysters, put the liquor in a stew-pan, and add half as much more water, salt, a good bit of pepper, a teaspoonful of rolled cracker for each person. Put on the stove and let it boil; have your oysters ready in a bowl. The moment the liquor begins to boil pour in all your oysters, six to twelve, let for each person, according to the size of the oysters and the appetites of the guests. Now watch carefully, and as soon as it begins to boil take out your watch, count just thirty seconds, and take your oysters from the stove. You will have your big dish ready with one and a half tablespoonfuls of cold milk for each person. Pour your stew on this milk, and serve immediately. Never boil an oyster in milk if you wish it to be good.

BREAKFAST DISH.—A very delicate breakfast dish can be made of oat-meal jelly. Soak half a pint of good oat-meal over night in one and a half pints of water. In the morning drain off the water through a sieve, adding to it one and a half pints of hot water, and put it to boil over a quick fire. Stir till it boils, then set it back and let it simmer ten minutes. Turn it into moulds, and in fifteen minutes it will be set sufficiently to turn out into saucers, and will be warm enough to eat. Serve at once, without trimming, or with a little milk or sweetened fruit juice. The soaked meal that is left can be utilized in batter, biscuit or corn-meal mush, or made into porridge by itself. In the latter shape it is bland, and peculiarly suitable for invalids who have not yet learned to like oat-meal. These preparations are in no way better than whole oat-meal excepting for variety.

CLOSETS.—Closets are about the first thing an experienced housekeeper inquires for, and about the last thing a man thinks of when planning a house. It should be borne in mind that the multiplication of conveniences (so called) beyond a certain point increases the work of the housewife. Places that are made to "tuck things away" in sooner or later demand to be overhauled and purified, and any thorough "spring cleaning" testifies to the amount of labor thus involved. Household work indefinitely postponed accumulates at compound interest. But, in spite of these too evident dangers of excess, there is much to be said in favor of a fairly liberal and well arranged system of closets. Closets should be light. They cannot always or often be provided with windows, but they should be so located, and their doors should be so arranged that when the latter are open the light from windows or the gas burners should shine into them. Beginning with the basement or cellar of an ordinary house, we find the need in the washroom for a place to store such small articles as are used in that room and that only. A wine closet with brick partition and grated window, if not needed for wine, is always useful to lock up such stores as require even temperature, and are not injured by dampness. In the kitchen region, whether in basement or on first floor, the large pantry is an important feature. In ordinary households it answers for storage of provisions which need not be kept cold, but must be kept dry, and also for a working closet; sometimes also for kitchen dishes and pots, kettles, and tins, though those should have places of their own. The pantry should be large, equal to five by eight feet at least, well lighted by an outside window, and with plenty of shelves and hooks, the lower shelf three feet or more above the floor and wider than the rest, and a part of it made into a cupboard for the flour barrel with lid to raise and front to swing open like a door. If used for working purposes, a slab of marble or broad board for making pastry, in addition to the shelf, is a convenience. This should of course be put directly in front of the window. Other conveniences and the modification of these should be ordered to suit the special wants of individuals. If the room can be afforded, a "working" closet in addition to the pantry is very desirable. This may have spice drawers, a few shelves, places for flour and sugar, a pastry slab, and of course a good window, and it should be large enough for one person to work at the slab with the door closed. The kitchen dishes may be kept in a closet which is connected by a slide with the dining room or china closet; drawers should be provided for ironing-cloths, etc., and cupboards and shelves at will. A dresser, built against the kitchen wall and inclosed by doors, sometimes takes the place of this latter, with a saving of room. Ice or refrigerator closets for storages of food are common only in large establishments, but a place should always be assigned in any plan to the portable refrigerator, and it should be convenient to both kitchen and dining room. Storage places for preserves and other choice edibles may be arranged by themselves, or made, under lock and key, as sections of other closets.

The dining-room should have a china and glass closet. This should be well lighted, with shelves arranged to suit ware of varying heights, with cupboards for buckets, &c., and with drawers for napkins, table-cloths, knives, silver, &c. In good houses some shelves are enclosed by sliding glass doors, and where the principal door is left open much this is of course desirable. The slide from the kitchen closet may open into this one to advantage, but it should be made to close tightly when not in actual use. The practice of making the china closet a passage with doors at either end is not a good one. For an ordinary house, where the mistress washes the choice dishes, a pantry sink is open to the objection that the water is seldom hot enough to be effective. The portable tub filled with boiling water from the kitchen range is better.

The coat and hat closet should be handy to the front door, but not too handy for entry thieves. It should be of good size, with plenty of hooks long enough to hold a "stove-pipe" hat securely, and strong enough to bear a hard pull. The hat-hooks should be high enough to have an independent row of coat-hooks below, and, unless provision is made in a lavatory or side-door closet for such things, there should be boxes or pigeon-holes for boots and shoes near the floor.

To each chamber there should be one good closet, and to the principal one two. They should have plenty of hooks, and a shelf or two high up. The practice of putting fixed chests of drawers in these closets, though common, is not a good one. The old fashioned bureau exposed in the broad light of the room is better. On the first chamber floor or on a staircase landing should be a linen closet with two or three deep drawers and a good many shelves, placed near together and wide enough for piles of sheets, etc. In the nursery a small medicine cupboard is a convenience for other things beside drugs.

In the attic a trunk room is almost indispensable, and a storage place for woollens is equally important. The latter should be roomy, and especially guarded against the housekeeper's great enemy, moths. Cedar and camphor wood are not only expensive, but are not a sure protection. The place should be well lighted (moths are averse to light), and should have a tight-closing door. All closet walls, floors and ceilings should be painted if it can be afforded. Pains should be taken to see that the floor-board joints are snug, and all cracks and crevices avoided.

The consideration of this, like all other house problems, must end with the statement that every case has its special needs, which must be studied by the light of common sense. What others do and have done is of use, but perhaps as often in teaching what to avoid as what to follow.

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"ORIENTAL CREAM,"
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MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
ITS FAME IS RAPIDLY SPREADING
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A FRENCH LADY WRITES.

MONS. GOURAUD: 'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, mon ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it le delice des dames. En un mot, je suis enchantée de le compléter et j'en vous remercie du bout mon cœur.

EMILIE DESMOULINS, Madison avenue.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE EMINENT TRAGEDIENNE, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

DR. GOURAUD: Will you send six bottles of your ORIENTAL CREAM to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE BIERSKI, A LEADING SOCIETY LADY.

ROCHESTER, February 17, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:

DEAR SIR: Please send me two more bottles of your charming ORIENTAL CREAM, by American Express, and oblige,

Yours, respectfully,

COUNTESS DE BIERSKI.

FROM MISS FANNIE STOCKTON, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

BUFFALO, December, 1868.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delightful am I with this matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

BANGOR, Maine.

DR. GOURAUD: I have found your CREAM so delicious! It softens and makes the skin so beautiful, it does give me faith in your other preparations. MISS ANNA GREE.

ST. LOUIS.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD: The CREAM is the nicest for the skin; it is excellent.

MRS. E. CURTIS.

BOSTON.

DR. GOURAUD: Your ORIENTAL CREAM is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. MRS. EATON.

FROM EVANS, THE CELEBRATED PERFUMER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD: I think your CREAM is unquestionably the best thing in this line, for the reason that when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and fancy stores at two dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner, I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together.

T. W. EVANS.

Prepared and invented by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, N. Y. Established 1839. To be had of all Druggists, &c.

☞ Beware of cheap imitations.

AN ECHO FROM LONDON.

8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND, September 25, 1871.

SIR: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in England where I could procure your "ORIENTAL CREAM" for the complexion? If not will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage free, of such a parcel? and lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours, truly,

E. BERRIE.

DR. GOURAUD, New York.

A VOICE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.

24 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W. C., November 6, 1871.

Le Journal des Modes.

SIR: The fame of your "ORIENTAL" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps, and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply with the price per gross, cash with my name as agent on each bottle. Waiting your reply, I am faithfully yours,

SAMUEL MILLER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND STREET, New York, and all druggists.

(Quoi!)

ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "You are already aware, Madame, that I am opposed to the use of cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL as the least harmless of the skin preparations."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

As making up the face for the stage is one of the most unpleasant features of the business, professionals should welcome any invention which will alleviate the trouble. From practical experience of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, we can vouch that it is a pleasant, wholesome preparation. To the eye the effect is beautiful, and to the skin delicious. It has solved a question—a question which has been a puzzle for a long time.—From the *Dramatic News.*

DEPOT for DR. GOURAUD'S Preparations is at No. 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

With Premiums.

For $3.00, the POST one year and Mounted Chromo, "De Soto and the Discovery of the Mississippi."

For $2.25, the POST one year and Unmounted Chromo.

For $1.50, the POST 6 months and Mounted Chromo.

For $1.25, the POST six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the POST for One Year.

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Saturday Evening, December 16, 1876.

A TRIAL OF WITS.

$100 IN PRIZES!

A real humorist, who can lighten up the busy world with smiles, and chase away care with laughter, is a benefactor, and no one with a talent in this direction need be ashamed to cultivate it.

Rowing matches, base ball contests, billiard tournaments, and trials of skill in various sports, have excited public interest innocently and otherwise, according to their nature. We propose a pleasant sportive strife of brains. American wit is the most racy and laughter-provoking, and the supply is by means exhausted. We desire to stimulate and bring out the best efforts of both old and new stars in this line, and offer the following prizes to be contended for in a trial of wits:

For the best original Humorous Article which shall be sent in before the end of March next,

A PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the second best, Twenty-five Dollars.
" " third " Fifteen "<br>" " fourth " Ten "

The lists are open to all without regard to age, sex, color, or previous condition. Encourage the funny men and women of your vicinity to try their hands.

Subject and style, whether description, conversation, incident, essay or otherwise is left to the choice of the writers. Articles in which the fun consists in bad spelling are excluded—true humor needs no such aid.

All articles entered are to be the property of this paper.

The publication of the articles will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number are received, and the premiums awarded at the time specified.

The prizes will be awarded only in case the articles received are considered worthy of publication.

Let us have a collection which shall make people forget troublesome topics and set the nation in a roar.

PROPHETIC POWER.

Every nation has its prophets, either alive in the flesh or in the works left behind them, and every where they find many believers in their powers. While it is doubtless true that many who make such claims are impostors or self-deceived, there are too many instances of truthful prevision, and too wide-spread convictions of the reality of prophetic gifts, to allow much doubt that such powers, to a limited degree, at least, are enjoyed by many.

In every day life there is exercised what is very nearly allied to prophetic vision, under the name of foresight, which is possessed by many individuals in a remarkable degree. This power is not simply reasoning out conclusions from known events, but a quickness in perceiving what is likely to transpire from indications not observed by others less gifted. In the higher degrees it is expressed by the saying: "I felt that it was to be," and following this feeling cautiously, keeping it in due bounds by the aid of reason, great success has been attained. This, which may be called premonitory instinct, seems to be more fully developed in women, whose counsel founded on it, rather than on actual knowledge, has often proved invaluable, or if neglected, has shown by the event that the faculty was largely trustworthy.

A theory on this subject, apparently warranted by indisputable facts, is that all men possess this faculty in different degrees. In some it is rudimentary, uncultivated and very little to be relied on, but in others, naturally large, and developed under favoring circumstances, it rises to the plane of real prophetic gift. It has not been claimed for the acknowledged prophets of old that they possessed additional faculties of soul, but that their natural faculties, wrought upon by a higher influence, were made more susceptible to influences which presaged coming events. If this well sustained view be correct, it is well worth while to recognize the possession of such powers in the soul, and, if possible, to cultivate them.

The whole subject is worthy large study and investigation, that it may be taken out of the line of superstitious imaginings, and its true nature and laws be made known, so that the proper way of cultivation may be understood and practised. From what little is known, it seems altogether likely that the exaltation of the moral nature is one of the necessary requisites for growth in this direction. The statement of Christ, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," may, without forcing, be seen to point in this direction, while it is apparently confirmed by the general testimony of the exceptional sanctity of the lives of those who have been most distinguished for prophetic gifts.

IMAGINATION AND BUSINESS.

Successful business men are generally supposed to be the least imaginative, concerned only with hard facts, and owing their prosperity to their persistently attending to tangible things resting on a solid basis. Imagination is considered to be a faculty needed by poets, romance writers, and other dreamers, who serve well to amuse men, but who do it at the expense of all that is substantial in life.

Facts warrant the assertion that large achievement in any direction, in accumulating wealth, fame or position, requires large use of the imagination. John Jacob Astor, the founder of one of the most colossal fortunes, did not, indeed, employ his thoughts with the beautiful pictures of dream-land which poets love, but he did summon before his mind's eye visions of large wealth and the means needed to acquire it. He accumulated all possible facts bearing on his work, and then combined them with reference to his plans; built castles in the air at first—not idle ones, but of sound, solid timber—and then by steady hard work brought about the realization of his imagined fortune.

Without the active exercise of imagination no new venture can be planned. Alexander, Cæsar, Columbus, Newton, Franklin, Buonaparte, Morse, Stewart, Vanderbilt, the whole catalogue of great achievers followed ideas which had their birth in the imagination.

The examples quoted, and hundreds more that might be named, not only dreamed with their eyes open, which almost anybody can do, but they *worked* to make their dreams realities, which not many do, and hence never achieve success.

In short, it is the old story of faith and works, applied to the business of life; for faith is really an exercise of the imagination—a bringing before the mind the image of the things hoped for. They must go together, and the greatness of achievement in any direction will depend upon the power of both combined.

THE SECRET OF ELOQUENCE.

An immense amount of hard work is performed in listening or trying to listen to public speakers. Usually the harder it is for the orator to deliver his thoughts, the more difficult it is for the hearer to receive them. The rule against work on the Sabbath is thus needlessly broken, we fear, in the majority of pulpits.

In familiar conversation, when a man has a matter to speak of in which he is interested, it is usually a pleasure to listen, provided the subject be one which appeals to the feelings or interests of the hearer.

Right here is the key to eloquence and oratory. It has two branches. First, the man must be alive with his subject; second, he must speak in a natural manner. Any arts of the schools will not compensate for lack of these requisites. The highest art is to attain these, or to simulate them.

Mr. Moody, who holds thousands breathless by his sermons, has no studied graces. He is unpolished, often ungrammatical, and anything but finished in his style. But he believes what he is saying; not merely holds it as a creed, but it is to him a palpable reality, and it fills his soul with almost irresistible earnestness. He speaks *naturally*, as one would converse with his fellow, and it is almost impossible not to listen and to be moved.

Next in success to those who speak thus from the soul, are those who act as though they mean what they say; who cultivate the art of naturalness. They are finished actors, and though they may not deserve the highest honors, they rank far beyond those who deal with sublime themes as though they were only fossil thoughts to be curiously examined and commented on.

HOLIDAY HINT.—A year's subscription to the SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be a most acceptable Christmas gift to some absent friend.

LAWYERS are happiest when they have the most causes for trial; doctors when there are the most complaints among their patients.

THERE are striking things in store for the man who marries a shrew; they cost about thirty cents and may be obtained at any store where brooms are sold.

GEMS are polished by friction, but that does not make every one a jewel who meets with hard rubs; a brick under this treatment only becomes rubbish.

THE young man who waited for something to turn up until he was in a needy condition, found what he was waiting for; the girls all turned up their noses at him.

LATE NEWS FROM DANIEL.—The New York *Sun*, referring to the lamentable failure of Daniel Drew, formerly one of the magnates of Wall street, says "He ventured like Daniel of old, once *too often* to the lion's den; and no miracle was performed in his behalf!" Now as to Daniel's venturing, in the first instance, though it was an adventure, it was not of his own seeking; but "once too often" is a bit of news not yet communicated by any other paper, but the *Sun* is great on "beating."

ILOBE.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Among the mountains of the moon,
There lies a deep, deep sea,
Beneath its waters is the throne
Of the nymph Ilone;
Those who wander by its shore,
Oft see her in the light;
Lolling like a lily pure,
Velvet, smooth and white.

When beneath the sea's calm face,
Sitting to command,
She can make the warm waves kiss,
With tender songs the land—
Songs whose words beseech, entreat,
In dulcet mournful rolls,
As if the sea was desolate,
For sympathetic souls.

But woe to him who lingers long
By this most pleasant sea,
For death lies in its dulcet song—
Death lies in its sigh.
He who feels a single bath,
Would make the world more fair,
Sinks to hear Ilone laugh,
Tangled in her hair!

MY EXPERIENCE WITH OPIUM.

BY HELEN DUBOIS.

The following narrative is not a fancy sketch, but the actual experience of a gifted lady, well known to the editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, now living in another State.

(*Continued from No. 21.*)

If I had ever allowed myself to dwell upon the horrors of the death struggle I might have faltered now; but I knew it would be short and sharp, and then the rest beyond. What other boon could Heaven bestow that could equal the infinite sweetness of perfect repose. Rest! only rest, was the one craving cry of my soul.

When I reached the spot, without one wavering impulse I waded in nearly to the required depth, and after one mute appeal to Christ, was just losing my balance in the final plunge, when I heard footsteps upon the gravelly bank. I knew by the peculiar rattling and scraping of the loose stones that the noise was purposely made to warn me of detection. I listened a few moments, but the sound continued, and I knew that any further effort would only end in a painful and useless scene, so gave up my purpose. I was now convinced that I was too closely guarded for any attempt of this kind to succeed, and therefore made no second venture in this direction.

Another period of time passed and the small dose of the narcotic lost all influence, and I became entirely unable to sleep. One evening when I had not slept an instant in nearly three weeks, I lost my usual self-control, and bursting into a passion of sobs and tears, exclaimed "It seems to me that I *can not* endure this any longer!" Demonstrations of this kind were new from me, and Mr. Grey, who had been an unseen listener, came forward, saying vehemently, "You *shall not*. It is too much. Dr. Bacon *shall* come and see you."

I was unaware of it at the time, but the Doctor again objected to visiting me, insisting that I "would not hold out;" but Mr. Grey so earnestly entreated him to see me that he was induced to come. Before his arrival, however, I placed in Mr. Grey's hands all of the opium in my possession, saying, "Come what may, I will never take another particle of it. I can be no worse than I am." I will say here, from that day to this, not an atom of anything of the kind has ever passed my lips.

When Doctor Bacon came, I told him of my determination, adding that I had no hope of recovery, but should be glad if he could help me to die a little easier death. From this time he visited me regularly, but I think it was over two weeks before his remedies had any perceptible effect. Then I was first enabled to lie in bed for an hour. When I told him this, after a moment's thought he answered, "In four days you will be able to sleep," and his opinion proved to be correct.

From first to last, over five weeks elapsed, during which I never for one moment closed my eyes in slumber.

You will doubtless think this an error—that I slept without being conscious of the fact; but I never felt a sensation of drowsiness, or the approach of sleep, more than a spirit might have done. I was in such extreme physical torture that I never rested ten minutes in the same position, through all these weeks. I could only liken myself to the "Wandering Jew." The same ceaseless, purposeless tread, the same urging onward by some unknown but irresistible power.

Those endless nights! How vividly they come before me now! Pacing the floor back and forth, and back and forth, until I reeled like a drunken man, then sinking upon the bed and forcing myself to lie, perhaps five minutes, to rise and renew the endless journey, with limbs too weak to guide themselves, the cords seeming strained until they must snap from the tension, after clinging to the furniture or walls of the room for support, yet ever driven onward by some inward force; sinking to the floor to lie there prone for a few moments, only to rise and again renew the wearisome march; counting the labored beat of the heart that at every pulsation was audible as a blow, listening for the stroke of the clock that would show one more hour gone, and at last watching wearily for the first approach of dawn that would bring the small relief of larger space in which to perform the penance.

Think! not of one night, but of more than five weeks was this the unvaried history; this the ceaseless wakefulness of day and night, of one too already worn to a shadow by a year's incessant pain.

Do you think it easy to release one's self from this bondage?

Mrs. Grey told me that my physician once remarked with a sad shake of the head: "It is impossible for any one even in imagination to form any conception of her suffering." You must believe that all the forms of torture, mental and physical, were purely and entirely the result of the discontinuance of the narcotic. All physicians agreed that I had no disease whatever.

At last, as already stated, I slept; and my bodily health began slowly to improve, strange to say, however, as I gained strength my powers of mind failed, and this, though I never revealed it, destroyed all faith in Doctor Bacon's assurances of ultimate recovery. He was most anxious to give me hope in the future, and spent many hours in the vain effort to lead me to look forward to brighter days. I believed myself to be suffering from some incurable malady, superinduced by the long continued use of narcotics; but as weeks passed, and my health continued to improve, the horrible idea dawned upon me that my physical health would be restored while my mind was going to decay.

I thought my physician and friends knew this, but concealed it from me in the fear that it would drive me to self-destruction. Thenceforward I had no shadow of faith in any one, no faith in words, because I believed none dared tell me the truth; no confidence in love or friendship; for I deemed the existence of such sentiments towards one who had fallen to such depths by her own choice, impossible.

I not only lost faith in my friends, but in the mercy of the Creator. I believed myself to be laboring under a direct curse from Him that must weigh me down, not only through this life but during the endless circles of eternity. How otherwise reconcile myself with the limitless power of One at whose command disease and infirmity fled? I never doubted his power, but his will to succor. I used often to think: "The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding small." In seeking the grounds of my Maker's displeasure, every sin and every neglected duty rose before me in gigantic proportions.

I have said little in these pages about my father and sister, and, indeed, during the dark years, had put the thought of them as far from me as possible. My father was still at my grandfather's. This had also been the nominal home of my sister; but since our mother's death, her time, except at vacations, had been spent in school, and I had only received occasional visits from her. Her school life was now closed, and she was to remain permanently at home. From first to last of my illness (if I may so term it), one of the minor tortures I endured was a dread of meeting these dear ones and seeing them forced to look upon the wreck I deemed myself to be.

Day and night I dwelt upon my neglected obligations towards them, and the curse I thought I had brought upon their lives. I might have shared my father's lonely existence, and guided and protected my motherless young sister. What amazing dullness of vision had hidden from me the sweetness and blessedness of these possibilities? And what had I done instead? Made myself a horror that must haunt them ever, like some hideous, supernatural thing, and I was growing strong—perhaps might yet live a long life. I was young enough; might live to blast my sister's prospects, and whiten my father's hair.

Oh! if I could only die, only *die* and be out of their way! Their protestations of happiness at my release passed me as idle breath. Their assurances that my relations were rejoicing over me and would gladly welcome me to their homes, I did not believe.

When my condition became known, my friends in the neighborhood tried in every way to encourage me and testify their sympathy and interest, but I fled from them as a hunted animal might have done. They often sent letters, messages, books and little gifts, to convince me of their earnest regard, and at the earnest entreaty of my physician I tried most sincerely to meet them as of old, but the instinctive inclination to fly at the sight of them was too strong to be overcome.

At last as the balance of my mind wavered more and more, I grew to shun the faces of even the members of the family, and refused to receive the visits of Doctor Bacon. I secluded myself almost entirely in my room, everything connected with myself growing constantly more distorted. No one whose mind has not tottered upon the brink of insanity has fathomed his own capacity for suffering. You would shrink back appalled even at the recital of the horrors which environed me and "clasped like air."

But underlying all else was something incapable of definition. It was not remorse, not despair, not fear, nor was it composed of any known element of pain. It was reached by no process of thought. Thought is shifting and changeable, this was fixed and immovable, making me always acutely conscious of its existence under all other forms of suffering. It sank to sleep with me and awoke with me, in instant and vivid reality. Words seem meaningless when I attempt to convey an idea of it. I believed it to be the torment which is likened to "the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched."

Perhaps you will say "All this was but the effect of distempered nerves." Granted, but the nerves had been like sinews of steel until shattered and prostrated by this perilous drug.

You will not marvel that with all this combined weight pressing upon me, I should have sought escape by the only door through which escape was possible. I did not now dream of reaching the Christian's Heaven, but I tried to believe their interpretations of Scripture groundless. I had been a member of an Orthodox church, and the Bible had always been a familiar study; but now I shunned the sight of it; its promises of comfort were for others; its denunciations like coals of fire heaped upon my head.

My only conception of God was as a merciless tyrant, who was grinding a helpless creature to atoms beneath the weight of his anger, and I felt a mighty hatred and indignation toward him which no words could express. I thought I had come as a suppliant, with my hand on my mouth and my mouth in the dust, and been scourged from my father's door. My only effort was to convince myself that punishment was not eternal.

I used to reason in this wise: We are created and placed here by the Ruler of the Universe, with no possible consent of our own; with inherited qualities for which we are not accountable, and surrounded by temptations and influences over which we have no control. If we are guided by an unseen spirit, how are we free agents? If not, and no clear perception of the right has been given us, how are we responsible? How can we be judged? If conscience is the guide, is not that also an educated thing? If punishment is to be eternal, what end is gained? The object of a penalty for the infringement of laws is reformation; without that object, it becomes revenge. If the fear of punishment is necessary to control us, need that punishment be everlasting? Could the infinite wisdom of Jehovah conceive no other means? When a man becomes a father, he incurs an obligation towards his children; is not the Creator also amenable to this law? I writhe beneath the tortures of hell, and I *know*, in the short span of man's life, crimes could not be crowded that could render him deserving of its eternal infliction.

At all events, as one in the blackness of night might be driven by fire to plunge from the brink of some unknown precipice, I was willing to take the leap in the dark and abide the issue. With me, then,

"Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

was but a literal expression of feeling.

I succeeded at last in secretly obtaining a quantity of arsenic. Of this I took, I should judge, as much as would lie upon a teaspoon. I knew nothing of the amount necessary to produce death, and thought, only to make sure, it was enough. I delayed some little time in lying down, and sought to reach the bed. I had, however, taken but two or three steps, when a blinding blaze of fire seemed to dash over me, and I fell to the floor as if stricken by lightning. I soon recovered sufficiently to reach the bed, and this was succeeded by a great darkness, and a rushing as of many waters in my ears, to be again followed by the blazing fire. These sensations continued some time, until a violent fit of vomiting ensued, when they gradually subsided, but my sight was curiously dimmed, and I did not entirely recover from the effects in several weeks. These are not, I believe, the usual effects of arsenical poisoning, but this was the effect produced upon me. I made many abortive attempts upon my life, but will relate only one other.

I now resorted to the Poison Hemlock. Soon after taking it a strange feeling of powerlessness began to creep over me. When I moved, my limbs appeared to be heavy. I tried to rise, but could only by the greatest exertion lift my head an inch from the pillow. There was no sense of weakness. It was only that my body seemed to possess an immeasurable weight beyond any strength to stir. Soon I could not by the most powerful effort move even a finger one hair's breadth. I then learned what it is to feel the living soul encased in a dead body. I do not know how long I lay in this state, but think it may have been some hours. The terrible nature of the sensations prevented my repeating the experiment.

I was always seeking something that would throw light upon the future state of the soul, and studied incessantly everything bearing upon this that lay in my way. The house was filled with old books and papers, and friends often sent me the works of eminent divines and other religious writers; but nothing gave any help. Everywhere I found the mighty Jehovah—nowhere the loving and pitying Christ.

At last in an old package of papers I found a sermon which made a revolution in my life. In few words the writer made evident that a sin repented of and forsaken was forgiven. The inevitable consequences of a transgression of law must fall on sin; but God's displeasure vanished with repentance and amendment.

When I sat down to the perusal of that sermon, I was manacled and in a prison cell—under condemnation of death. When I arose from it I was free—under the broad canopy of heaven, with golden sunlight raining upon me.

This weight removed from my mind, my nerves began slowly to regain their strength, but as my mind improved, my physical health declined, until my friends became alarmed, and my physician was again called. The spring of life seemed broken, and nature powerless to act, and it was only through his unremitting attention for several months, that I recovered a small degree of strength; indeed it was more than a year before I was able to perform any labor, and I probably never shall regain the vigor lost in this hard contest.

But I must not linger. At last the weary struggle was over. Mind and body began to resume in some measure their natural tone, and my father's and sister's earnest entreaties led to my return to my old home; but I went with a reluctance that in spite of reason, almost overpowered my will. Greatly to my surprise, however, I was forced to face none of the dreaded ills. Even the humiliation which the Prodigal must have felt in the rejoicings over his return were spared me; I but stepped back into the place vacated so long ago, I was received as one who had been long absent in a foreign land, and had returned to kindred and home, to take up the duties and pleasures of his station where he had dropped them in the distant past, and never from that hour to the present have I been reminded, by word or look, that there was a time when "I went astray."

You have heard of the aged man who said he was but ten years old—the remainder of his life had been lost. He had *lived* and therefore counted but ten years. So I, as the record of my life passes before me, leave the years of bondage uncounted. I have only *lived* in the few years of freedom.

To me, a most remarkable thing is, that never for one moment since the morning when I took the last portion of opium have I felt the slightest desire for it, or thought of it as a remedy. It died out of my life then just as entirely as if I had never known it. An intemperate person who has given up liquor seems always liable to a return of the appetite, but with this it is different. The battle is hard, but the victory complete. Decided once, it is decided forever. It is passing through the refiner's fire—but to come out purified. I am free! free as the slave who by long years of toil has paid to uttermost farthing the price of his freedom, and yet so great is my dread of this deadly thing, that at the peril of my life, I would refuse one grain from the hand of my trusted physician.

In breaking yourself of this habit, you are entering the valley and shadow of death; aye more, you are voluntarily descending into hell, there to dwell for a longer or shorter period. I speak from my heart, when I say that for all the wealth and power of the mightiest potentate this earth has known, I would not live again through those three years. And yet, if I had but twenty years to live, I tell you I would pass seventeen of them in that extremity of torment, for the sake of the short span remaining in which I could lift unclouded eyes to the face of my Maker, and meet unabashed the gaze of fellow beings.

I think the fact that excruciating physical pain results from the discontinuance of narcotics with those long habituated to their use, will be new to most people. This is the badge of slavery that is hidden, as the felon hides his shackles. It is easier to make any other excuse, than to acknowledge that manhood or womanhood lies bound and helpless.

I believe with individuals of a certain temperament the effects of this drug act as a temptation that is almost irresistible. Perhaps bending beneath care and overwork, it may be with dear ones dependent upon their exertions, they find in this a vigor that enables them to meet and overcome all things. Or, mayhap suffering tortures of unendurable pain, it seems proffered by the very angel of mercy.

I believe more often than in any other way, the initiatory step is taken through the prescriptions of physicians. With a full knowledge of its perilous possibilities, they yet give it for slight ailments, where some harmless remedy would be equally effective.

I heard a highly cultivated physician remark that morphine was the medicine he always used for a slight cold, and yet he told me a near relative of his own was near death from a long indulgence in it; that he used two ounces of morphine (equal to *eight* of opium) a week! He said he had exhausted persuasion, and made offer of medical assistance in vain. I know a woman, the mother of a respectable family, who is rapidly sinking to the grave from its effects. This was told me by her sister, whom I have known to be, for fifteen years, bound by the habit. She was the mother of a family and the wife of a drunkard, and here she found strength to endure her hard and toilsome life. I know a physician whose wife is imbecile from its intemperate use. I could cite many other instances which have come under my observation; but I have never yet heard one person confess the real truth—that they *could not* stop. Always some painful disease makes this medicine necessary.

If you object to the length of this article, still I can assure you the half is not told. A friend once remarked to me that, though well balanced in most things, I was a little deranged upon the subject of stimulants. But I contend that it is impossible to overestimate the dangers arising from them.

To you who are yet free, I can but say—you are forewarned; but if, in spite of this, you fall before temptation, you will find that you have taken the first step in a tragedy, which probably will end only with your life.

To you who are bending beneath this burden, I say—do not try, unaided, to lift it from your shoulders. If you do, you will fail. Seek first a physician in whose sympathy as well as skill you can trust, and place yourself unreservedly in his hands. You have tried, again and again, and yet again, and failed—but, properly aided, you can conquer. Do I not know that it is like the rending asunder of soul and body? But it can be borne, and the reward is exceeding great—beyond all power of computation.

I thought to place before you a distinct and vivid picture of these years of my life, and I but find a faint and fragmentary reflection of the reality. "Only words." But I yet hope they may be strong enough to hold back some souls from the tortuous path which I have trodden, and mayhap even reveal a door of escape to some who seem surrounded by impenetrable walls that reach to high heaven.

NEWS NOTES.

PARIS is to have a journal of spiritualism.

THE deaths in New York during November averaged sixty a day.

A "COOKING CLUB" has been organized at Flint, Mich., by some young ladies.

IT has cost Vermont $32,500 more than it received in fines to enforce the prohibitory liquor law during the past two years.

THE deposit of rock salt is found to be enormous in Nevada. In recently opened quarries it is sawed out like marble, and is almost pure.

THE departure of passengers from San Francisco by sea and land for the first ten months of this year was 43,200, as compared with 35,800 in 1875.

THE grand central idea of the permanent exhibition will be the educational exhibit, which is intended to be as perfect of its kind as it is possible to make it.

WATKINS GLEN is to be bridged for the Geneva and Corning Railroad. The structure will be built of iron, and span the chasm at the height of about 150 feet.

THE trade in horses between England and Canada is rapidly increasing, and promises to become of great importance. They are found precisely of the stamp desired for useful purpose.

FORTY-ONE wrecks of Japanese vessels have been stranded on the American western coast since 1872, twenty-eight of them since 1860. Only twelve of them were deserted.

THE first month of the pork-packing season closes with the total number of hogs packed at the six principal cities in excess of the corresponding period last year by 55,000.

THE report of the Nevada and California silver mines for November represents them as not only continuing to yield their usual returns of treasure, but as revealing richer deposits of ore.

AN appalling loss of life occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the night of Dec. 5th. Three hundred or more persons were destroyed by the burning of the Brooklyn Theater.

CALIFORNIA has more insane people than any two eastern States, it is said. Napa and Stockton both have crowded asylums. The cause is doubtless the greater business excitement than in the older settled States.

LATE San Francisco journals mention the sale of 18,000 tons of wheat, equal to about 360,000 centals, which is probably the largest single transaction ever made in California. The price was $1 80 per cental.

THE leading business men along the Mississippi river, and its tributaries, have at length resolved to cease looking to Government to keep the river's mouth open and have organized a company with large capital to construct a ship canal from New Orleans to deep water in Barataria bay.

NATCHES, the chief of the Piute Indians in Nevada, who has repeatedly expressed his sorrow at the degradation of his people, has been negotiating with railroad officers for the purchase of a tract of land in Humboldt Valley for the purpose of establishing a colony where the young men of the tribe may learn agricultural pursuits.

AN English company has proposed to Governor Smith, of Georgia, to put on a first-class line of steamships between Savannah or Brunswick and Liverpool at once, and keep them running steadily, provided the State will give them a bonus of $50,000 a year for three years. They guarantee besides that they will land 300 immigrants per month on our shores.

MACHINERY HALL, at the Centennial Grounds, which is to be devoted to an exhibition of industrial machinery by the Franklin Institute, will only be used by that institution for that purpose once in three years, as it is the intention of the Institute to have them held in different cities by different institutions. Next year it is to be held in Baltimore, in 1878 in Boston, and 1879 in this city.

THE body of Baron de Palm was cremated or burned at Washington, Pa., Dec. 6th. The cremation was performed in a furnace erected for the special purpose by Dr. J. F. LeMoyne. The body was reduced to a mere handful of ashes which are to be preserved in a vase by the Theosophical Society of New York.

FROM the total for ten months, 62,555, the officials at Castle Garden estimate the total number of emigrants arriving at New York city, for the entire year at 70,000. The decrease from 1875, is not as marked as the decrease from 1874, when the number of arrivals reached 141,041. This falling off is attributed to the hard times. Germany sends the largest number, and about twice as many as come from Ireland. Russia sends more this year than last, as does Sweden. The Austrian Empire, Norway, Italy, France and Switzerland send about the same number. It is stated that nearly one-third of the emigrants remain in New York city and its vicinity. The remainder are distributed in the West. This year the majority of emigrants have gone to Illinois, Kansas, and Iowa.

THE twenty-six buildings erected on the Exposition Grounds by the Board of Finance, excepting the Woman's Pavilion, were sold at auction Dec. 1st. Several other structures were disposed of in the same manner. The following is the cost and the selling price of the principal buildings:

	COST.	SOLD FOR.
Main building,	$1,600,000	$250,000
Agricultural Building,	25,000	13,100
Art Annex,	110,000	[illegible]
Mineral Annexes,	19,000	[illegible]
Carriage Annex,	55,000	[illegible]
Photographic Hall,	20,000	[illegible]
Judges' Hall,	30,000	[illegible]
Dep't of Public Comfort,	22,000	[illegible]
Pomological Building,	10,000	[illegible]
American Restaurant,	30,000	[illegible]
Penn's Education Hall,	12,000	[illegible]

Other buildings sold at about the same low figures. The Main Building and Judges' Hall were bought by the International Exhibition Company, and will remain on the grounds.

THE EVER-NEW QUESTION.

Do I love you? Do I love you?
Ask the heavens that bend above you
To find a language and to prove you
If they love the living sun.
Ask the burning, blinded meadows
What they think about the shadows,
If they love the falling shadows
When the fervid day is done.

Ask the bluebells and the daisies,
Lost amid the hot field-mazes,
Lifting up their thirsty faces,
If they love the summer rains.
Ask the linnets and the plovers,
In the nest-life made for lovers,
Ask the bees and ask the clovers—
Will they tell you for your pains?

Do I, darling, do I love you?
What, I pray, can that behoove you?
How in Love's name can I move you,
When for Love's sake I am dumb!
If I told you, if I told you,
Would that keep you, would that hold you
Here at last where I enfold you?
If it would—Hush! Darling, come!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CARRYING PEACE AND PARDON.

Joshua was far upon his road before Naomi had left the Grange. He had walked many miles in the dull gray of early morning before the shadowy clouds had parted, or the stars began to pale in the saffron light of sunrise. The energy that sustained him, the eager purpose that bore him on in that beginning of his journey, made him unconscious of time or distance. He had heard Cynthia calling; yes, his wife's cry, piteous and weak, as of one in distress, was still sounding in his ear as he hurried along the well known road, which seemed just a little strange and dream-like, in the dim, gray dawn. He had heard her calling him, and he was going to answer her cry.

"Dearest, I am coming to you," he repeated inwardly. "I, who drove you away with undeserved reproaches, am coming to pray for pardon; I, who was cruel, unjust, savage, and inhuman, only because I loved too blindly—I am coming to ask for pity from the tender heart I wounded. Love, I was mad, and I have suffered for my madness—a long night of suffering. The morning has come, and peace and pardon. My eyes are opened; I see and understand."

It was only when a sudden faintness made him stagger dizzily, and stretch out his hands to save himself from falling that he became aware of the hot sun bearing down upon his head, and the fact that he had walked many miles.

He was nearly twenty miles from Combhollow. He had crossed the wild, craggy hills and come back mechanically to the coach road. He was at the top of a long hill, and saw the coach toiling slowly up the white, dusty road. He felt all at once that his strength was gone—gone utterly as if it had left him forever—and thanked God for the coming of the coach. It seemed by a special providence that he had been brought across those wild hills back to the turnpike-road in time for the passing of the coach.

"If I had missed it I should not have got to Penmoyle to-night; and my darling is waiting for me." he said to himself.

There was a vacant place on the seat behind the driver. Joshua hailed the coach, and scrambled into this place before the coachman had time to pull up his horses.

"You shouldn't ha' done that, Mr. Haggard," remonstrated the man; "it's dangerous."

Joshua took no notice. The man's voice sounded far off, as in a dream. The horses went down-hill and up-hill over the wild yet fertile country, by hills and woods that Joshua knew as well as he knew his Bible. They stopped to change horses in straggling little villages where he had preached in his younger days; and people who remembered those days came out of their houses, and stood looking up at the coach and talked to him. He answered their inquiries and acknowledged their speeches mechanically, dimly conscious of their identity. He had a curious feeling of superiority to all these people, as if the universe had been planned for him, and they were only accidents in it, like the great black flies buzzing round the heads of the patient, blinkered coach-horses, to whom Providence had given no special mercy except mane and tail.

The time had been—and but a year or so ago—when he would have got down from the coach and peeped into those whitewashed cottages, and had his well-chosen word of greeting or counsel for each old acquaintance. To-day their faces looking up at him were blank and meaningless. The faces of the rabble round Stephen may have looked so to the saint and martyr in his death-agony.

Joshua's mind was going on before him. He fancied himself arriving at Penmoyle in the sunset. She would be standing at the gate, perhaps, watching for him, as he had found her on that unforgotten afternoon two years ago. He would see the sweet face, with the western light shining on it, the soft eyes kindling with love and happiness at sight of him. He had almost forgotten that bitter day of parting, the day when he had driven her into banishment, with more cruelty than Abraham had shown to ill-used Hagar; and it can hardly be said that the patriarch was a pattern to all future husbands in that transaction.

Oh, how sweet it was to dwell upon that picture of meeting and reconciliation! The burden on his conscience had been cast off since the agony of yesterday. It was verily as if he had laid down his load on the sinner's altar. He forgot all the silent pangs and tortures of the last year, and felt as if a new life of happiness were opening before him. He would carry the lamp of the Gospel into dark places; he would preach by the wayside, as in his youth; he would carry neither purse nor scrip, but wander from village to village, from town to town, in that benighted north country he had read about in the lives of Wesley and Whitfield; or, if it were possible, still farther away, among the absolute heathen of the South Seas.

This was his vision of a glorious future. And she would be with him—his companion, helpmeet, and comforter. It was such a career as this to which she had aspired. Her spiritual nature had been revolted by the trader's petty life; she had sighed to see her husband doing the work of an apostle.

Such thoughts as these were in his mind all through the day. They rose and fell in his brain, wave upon wave, as regularly as the waves of the Atlantic when rising and falling upon the long, sandy shore beyond those brown Cornish hills. The day seemed very long to him, for his exaggerated activity of brain made minutes like unto hours. And yet he was ineffably happy. No fear of disappointment at the end of his journey clouded the radiance of his visions. He apprehended no future stroke from an angry fate. God had punished him with the undying worm called conscience and had heard his prayers, and forgiven him. He feared nothing.

It was afternoon when the coach rumbled into the stony street of Truro. Joshua had to be reminded of his fare respectfully by the coachman. He was on the point of hurrying off without paying it.

"Your mind's full of better things, I know, Mr. Haggard," said the man: "but I thought you'd like me to remind you."

"Thank you, Norman," said Joshua, dreamily, "Yes, my mind was much occupied; pleasantly, though, pleasantly as one sure of God's bounteous mercy."

He gave the man a crown for himself. It was half as much as the fare—an astounding donation.

"You may not be driving me again for some time to come," said the minister, kindly.

"Thank'ee, sir. It isn't many behaves as handsomely, and it's always a pride to drive such as you. But don't take it as a liberty if I giv'ee one bit of advice. Don't try to get up on the outside of a coach before the horses 'ave stopped. You're in the prime of life, maybe; but you're a good many years too old to do that with safety."

"Yes, yes, Norman; I shall bear it in mind," said Joshua, walking away, without stopping at the comfortable inn for "bite or sup," as Norman remarked afterward.

"The fact is, the minister is wearing of hisself out," the coachman remarked to his cronies that night. "He's got oddish ways with him, and a look as if he didn't half know what's going on round about him."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ODOR OF ROSEMARY.

It happened as Joshua had calculated. The sun was setting as he entered quiet Penmoyle. The walk from Truro had tired him more than he had supposed possible. He could hardly drag himself along the last mile or so of the dusty road, between hedges where the dog-roses and honeysuckles climbed high over his head, and where the fox gloves were opening their purple bells. The salt sea-wind, sweeping over yonder swelling hills, seemed to have lost its refreshing power. He turned his eyes wearily toward the western point—the wild Land's End, with its rocks of many-hued granite, on which the sea-gull and cormorants were perching in the rosy evening light. The scene was so familiar to him that he could see it all, in that clear vision of the mind, as he turned his gaze westward. Was there anything on this vast earth more beautiful, he wondered, than that wild point of English soil; with the great Atlantic waves forever beating up against it—an impregnable natural fortress, the rocky seat of dead-and-gone giants, forever defying the assaults of ocean.

His thoughts wandered a good deal during these last miles, when his body was racked with the pains of exceeding fatigue. He thought of Nicholas Wild, his old pupil, and the little chapel among yonder hills. The young man had written him long letters telling him of the rich reward that had crowned his labors, and how he had built a school for the children of his flock. Joshua had been too preoccupied to take any notice of the letters, and the memory of that neglect smote him now, as he came nearer his pupil's home.

"Poor Nicholas! he was always faithful and affectionate. We will go and see him, my wife and I," Joshua said to himself.

At last the old square tower of Penmoyle church rose, in its gray severity, above the avenue lines that led to it. Then came the well-known street; the chestnut grove, where the children played at eventide; the inn; the village pump; the cocks and hens, and a vagabond pig picking up unconsidered trifles in the middle of the road; the yellow wagon, turned up on end after a day's usefulness. The sun was still visible—a shining crimson disk on the edge of the western hill.

It was a mere foolishness, no doubt, and Joshua chid himself for so weak a regret; but he felt strangely disappointed when he came in sight of the little green gate before Miss Webling's cottage, and did not see the graceful figure of his wife standing there, just as he had seen her that happy afternoon two years ago, when he had come full of benevolent intentions, and ignorant of his heart's mystery. He had counted on seeing her there. It would have been the natural fulfilment of his dream, it seemed to him, that she should be on the watch for his coming. She had called him, and, by some mystic power beyond the limits of flesh and blood, he had heard her summons. Why was she not watching for him, full of faith and obedience? Was his sympathy with her stronger than hers with him?

He passed the chestnut grove. It seemed to him that the children were less noisy than of old. They were there under the spreading branches, the same boys and girls—the fustian jackets and lavender pinafores, the petticoated little ones, with chubby cheeks and great staring brown eyes. But there was a hush upon the scene. The elder children were congregated in little knots talking. Some of them suddenly perceived him, and there was a curious excitement among them immediately, and much whispering, and some pointing at him with eager fingers; and he could see that they all stopped their talk or games to watch him.

Joshua walked slowly toward the green gate, strangely disappointed and depressed. The windows of the Webling cottage faced southwest, and it was only natural that the spotless blinds should be drawn to exclude such a blaze of sunset; but it gave the house a blank look not the less. The casements offered him no smile of welcome.

Here was a friendly welcome, however, from an unexpected direction. Before Joshua had opened the gate, Mr. Martin, the kind old minister, came hurrying across from his dwelling on the other side of the road, and clasped him by both hands, and looked at him with eyes brimming over with tears.

"God bless you! God sustain and comfort you, my beloved friend!" he cried. "I was watching for you. Oh, be composed, my friend, be composed! Such a blessed euthanasia! The precious soul of my Elizabeth was not more spotless or fitter for heaven. Dear friend, let us go in together."

Joshua turned and looked at him with wild, wondering eyes, then wrenched himself suddenly from the old man's friendly grasp, and moved toward the door.

"No, no," he muttered; "I don't want you. I am going alone—to see my wife. Cynthia!" he called, as he opened the door. "Cynthia!" in a louder and more urgent tone—"Cynthia, where are you?"

A fiery impatience had taken hold of him. He could not wait for formalities of any kind. The Miss Weblings would come, and there would be stately greetings, and cake and wine brought out of the wainscot cupboard, and all manner of ceremonies, before he could open his arms and clasp his ill-used wife to his heart, and weep over her and be forgiven.

Deborah came out of the kitchen and took his hands, just as old Mr. Martin had done, and looked at him in the same tearful way.

Were the people all mad here, or was he? Even the children had seemed to look at him strangely.

"Dearest friend," said Deborah, "this is a sore trial for us. Priscella has been in hysterics all day; out of one fit into another. Quite dreadful! The feathers we've burned, and the vinegar, and all to no purpose. She has such a feeling heart."

It was Priscella who was ill, then. That's what all this fuss meant.

"I want to see my wife," Joshua said, shortly.

"At once?" faltered Deborah, looking at him timorously.

"Yes, at once; this instant. Have I not come all these weary miles to see her? This instant!"

"Oh, dear sir, what need of impatience? be calm, I beg of you."

The door of both parlors were open. Joshua had glanced in and seen that both rooms were empty.

"Where is she?" he asked. "Upstairs?"

"Yes, in our spare-room," Deborah answered, huskily. "Let me show you the way."

"I know it," he said, and went upstairs before her.

The narrow corkscrew staircase was close and dark, like the winding stair in a church-tower. Midway, Joshua started as if he had been shot, and came to a standstill.

There was a pungent odor of freshly-gathered herbs, a perfume he had not smelled thus, on the threshold of a bedchamber, since his mother's death.

"My God?" he cried. "Is it rosemary?"

"Yes," sobbed Deborah, "we always use it here. We've a bush in the garden on purpose. The neighbors come and beg a bunch of it when they've a death in the house."

Joshua staggered up the few steep stairs, lifted the jingling latch of the low wainscot door, and went into the room in which he had slept two years ago, when the new joys and pains of love began to grow in his heart.

The odor of rosemary had forewarned him what he was to see. No living wife, standing on the threshold to greet him, with warm arms ready to be wound about his neck; no sweet eyes lifted shyly to meet his own; no faltering words, or half-broken sobs; only a fair marble statue lying on a white flower-strewn bed, hands meekly folded, violet-veined eyelids closed over wearied eyes—a broken heart forever at rest.

He stood looking at her for a long time, as it seemed to the heart-broken Deborah—looking at her with eyes that hung upon that silent beauty in a rapture of despair; then flung up his arms, with a sudden, gurgling cry, and fell upon the floor beside her bed like a stone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GLEAMS FROM THE LAND OF GOLD.

BY MRS. ELLEN E. PARKER.

California! To those who have not gazed upon its wonders, who have not climbed its Sierras, whose "summits pierce the skies," who have not seemingly descended into Pluto's regions, where the "Geysers" melted instead of freezing them with horror; who have not floated on dreamy Lake Tahoe, far surpassing Italy's Lake Como in beauty; who have not stood by giant trees that had attained their growth in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Chaucer; to those who have not beheld all this grand magnificence, it will seem hardly possible that, within one of our States, nature exhibits more beauty and sublimity than in all Europe.

As to the climate, Bret Harte says:

Half a year of sun and flowers,
Half a year of rain and shade."

But this is a poet's exaggeration, and not, as is usual in poetic license, on the side of beauty; for, literally, there are nine summer months of sun and flowers, and the rainy season, as it is called, is not one continued rain, but perhaps a whole night of "deluge,"—for that, expressive of old Father Noah's gentle shower, is the only word to describe the way it does come down, and then the sun comes out gloriously in the morning, and we are ready for another primitive flood in a day or two. And the exhilarating atmosphere! It is like drinking champagne to breathe it! The fresh winds sweep through the "Golden Gate," and down the canons all over the State, until the whole atmosphere is sweetened and purified.

Shall I tell you of a visit to those "Big Tree Groves," whose gigantic growth have only one rival in the world, a grove in Australia, and also one tree in the city of Damascus. One moonlight evening we descended from the stage at the Big Grove. A seven hours' ride over perilous roads, cut out of the sides of mountains, and with a precipice on one side, is hardly conducive to tranquility of mind, and we all alight with a dazed look, as if we had just dropped from a balloon. Nor are we much calmed by the Dick-Turpin-like request, "Shall I take your dust, Madam?" But a gentle brushing re-assures us, and we enter the hospitable doors of Mr. Clark to find an excellent supper, fresh, sweet chambers, and a kind welcome awaiting us. Sure-footed mules are brought to the door, after a day's rest, and we ride six miles into the heart of the forest. It is impossible to describe one's new feeling of pigmy insignificance as we stand surrounded by trees whose years are counted by thousands, so awful and grand in their majesty; which have here stood unmoved while glaciers ploughed their relentless way through the continent, leaving these monarchs untouched in their sublime grandeur. It was a relief to turn to the carpet of verdure under our feet, where bloom the pale blue flower, "the Beauty of the Sierra," the snow, or ice plant, of a brilliant red, issuing from the ground like a tongue of flame, and the great white mountain lily, the most delicately fragrant flower in California. But only prosaic figures can convey an idea of those immense productions. The Grizzly Giant, over three hundred feet high, ninety-two feet in circumference, and thirty feet in diameter, gives an average measurement of over seven hundred trees in the grove.

It was interesting to read the names affixed to the different trees. One, "The faithful couple," grew united until it attained a seemly height, and then separated, as faithful couples are apt to do, if only the human ones would each strive towards heaven as did these divided branches. Another bears the name of "Andy Johnson," falling as it has and leaning a *little to the South*. Most beautiful is the Queen of the Forest," whose top consists of a mass of foliage of rare beauty. Some trees bore the name of Leland, Stanford, and Tom Scott; but not a Washington or Lincoln among them! Are railroad kings the heroes of our worship to-day? And is gold the value of greatness? I could not but think of Milton's lines, when a tall tree devoid of branches, called "Satan's Spear," stood before us:

"To equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

Again we resume our stage ride, looking up to where "the proud Sierras on the skies laid hold," or down into deep canons filled with a sea of tempest-tost pines, until we come to an icy cold mountain spring, where we disembark and stand gazing enchanted on a divine panorama of beauty spread before us; but our lunch basket must now be attacked, for, as Mark Twain says, "Nothing helps scenery like ham and eggs," the real does most decidedly assist the ideal. And now, ho for the "Calaveras Grove." Although the edge of the appetite had been somewhat taken off by the giants of Mariposa, still it was a new sensation to ride on horseback through the hollow trunk of a fallen tree, to sit on a stump on which sixteen couples could waltz at once with ease, and repose on the soft moss in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a hollow trunk in which twelve horses are often stabled. But the "Father of the Forest" in this Calaveras group is, indeed, the monarch of the State. Lying so grand in his fallen majesty, he measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the base, and can be traced three hundred feet, where the trunk was broken by falling against another tree; it here measures sixteen feet in diameter, and according to the average taper of the other trees, this venerable giant must have been four hundred and fifty feet in height when standing. His better-half, the "Mother of the Forest," compares favorably with her liege lord. She also is dead, but near the top a sugar-pine has taken root, and, in its fresh beauty it is as if the soul of the tree were uprising from its earthly form. For is there not the anima in every natural form? The instinct of life through all created things? If Professor Agassiz hoped to meet his dog in heaven, why may we not hope to walk under celestial foliage and accept Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences for our forests, as well as our friends?

The hotel at Calavaras Grove is a most charming summer resort. It was, indeed, truly refreshing to have an hour's snow storm in June at this cool retreat, after one hundred and five degrees of warmth experienced during May in Southern California. But this is only one of the constant surprises of the "land of gold." In a few hours we can be transported from tropical heat to polar snows; and thus enjoy a life of ever-varying change, or choose a permanent home in the region most harmonious with natural tastes. Farewell, for a time, to Alpine splendor with its wealth and grace of trees, to Italian sunny slopes covered with fruits of rich luxuriance and flowers of infinite sweetness, to torrents like avalanches of snowy rockets and lakes sleeping in calm beauty and pass with me on through the valley of Yo Semite, that scene of such grand sublimity and beauty, that language seems faint to express its awful charms, and only Fanny Kemble's words, when she stood by Niagara Falls, can speak the unutterable emotions of the soul, "My God! who can describe Yo Semite?"

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

The following description of the Imperial State Crown has been furnished by Professor Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen:

The Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria was made by Messers. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39oz. 5dwts. troy.

The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size and six other sapphires (three on each side), between them are eight emeralds.

Above and below the seven sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the eight emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of 148 diamonds.

In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the Battle of Najera, near Victoria, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V., at the Battle of Agincourt A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite though, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds.

Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124 and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French *fleur-de-lis*, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86 and 87 rose diamonds.

From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 rose, table and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table and 559 rose diamonds.

From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliant.

Summary of jewels comprised in the crown:—one large ruby irregularly polished, one large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls.

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WHEN we are laboring under any physical malady, we see everything through a distorted medium. We are no longer master of ourselves, but the victims of a distempered imagination.

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The Babylonians like the Assyrians, held a kind of market for their daughters at certain times every year. They were assembled in a public place, where they were exposed to general view, and sold to the best bidder by the public crier.— The money given for the purchase of the handsome ones was applied to portion out those who were deficient in personal attractions. This custom was said to have originated with Atossa, the daughter of Belochus.

THE intellect is superior to the physical system. While the world lasts, the sun will gild the mountain tops before it shines upon the plain.

IF TROUBLED WITH BRONCHITIS, OR THROAT AIL, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old family medicine for Colds and Lung Affections.

MY JEWELS.

BY CLARA WEST JONES.

When o'er earth night throws her sombre mantle,
And sleep the flowers beside the garden wall,
Close to my bosom both my darlings nestle,
Sweet, gentle Blanche, and winsome Baby Paul.

Two infant forms in snowy robes are kneeling
Now by my side, with hands together pressed,
While after me, in broken words, "Our Father"—
Murmur my wee birdlings 'ere they hie to rest.

Round, dimpled arms lovingly embrace me,
Two rosebud mouths uphold for mamma's kiss,
And as I bend to give back their caresses,
A far-off voice doth say—"Which one could you miss?"

Not my first-born, my Blanche, with golden tresses,
Nor the pure bud last given to my heart,
With eyes of brown, like his who wooed and won me,—
With neither treasure could I bear to part.

* * * * * *

Blue eyes and brown, half hid with silver lashes,
Dark curls and golden, shade each blue-veined brow;
And dearer far than fame or gold-filled coffers,
Are to me the sleepers, in dreamland straying now.

Father in Heaven! Do Thou direct and guide me
To train these souls unto my care now given,
That when to them Thy summons gently cometh,
My jewels here be brighter far in Heaven.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XIX.

It was on the following morning that certain rumors were afloat in Trennach. They had arisen the previous day; at least two or three people professed to have then heard them.

Frank was in the surgery, busying himself until Edina should appear, and talking with his uncle, when the door opened, and Ross, the overseer came in. He had not been well lately, and had come occasionally to the surgery for advice.

"Have you heard this new tale they've got hold of now, Doctor?" asked he, while Dr. Raynor was questioning him of symptoms. "It's a queer one."

"I have heard no tale," said the Doctor. "What is it?"

"That the missing man is lying at the bottom of the old shaft on the Plain."

A moment's startled pause; a rush of red to his brow; and then Frank spoke up hastily from his place amid bottles.

"What an utter absurdity. Who says so?"

"It is being said among the men," replied Ross, turning to him. "They can talk of nothing else this morning."

The color was receding from Frank's face, leaving it whiter than usual.

"Bell on the bottom of the shaft on the Plain?" exclaimed Dr. Raynor. "But why are they saying it? Who says it?"

"All the lot of them, doctor. They are talking of nothing else."

"What are their grounds for it?"

"I've not got to them yet. I don't think they know."

Since the first hasty words, Frank had remained dumb, apparently paying attention to his physic. He spoke again now in a sharp, rasping tone; which was very unusual, and therefore noticeable.

"It is not *likely* that there are grounds for it. I wonder, Ross, you can come here and repeat such no-sense!"

"The place is agog with it; that's all I know," replied Ross, sulkily, as he went out.

Dr. Raynor followed him to the door. After a glance up and down the street at the men, collected in it, he returned to the surgery.

"It is evident that something or other is stirring them," he observed to Frank. "I wonder what can have led to the report?"

"Some folly or other, Uncle Hugh. It will die away again."

"I have never believed aught but the worst, since Bell's disappearance," said the Doctor. "Others have expected him to come back again; I never have. Where he may be, I know not; whether accident, or aught else of ill may have chanced to him, I know not; but I entertain no hope that the man is still in life."

There was a pause. "Have you any reason for saying that, sir?" asked Frank, somewhat hesitatingly.

"No reason in the world," replied Dr. Raynor. "At least, no tangible reason. I am an old man, Frank, and you are a young one; and what I am about to say you will probably laugh at. I did not like the look of Bell when we last saw him."

Frank was at a loss to understand; and said so.

"I did not like that grey look on his face, do you remember it?"

"Yes, I do, Uncle Hugh. It was very peculiar. Sometimes when a person is ill, or going to be ill, the face will take quite a grey tinge from the loss of color, and we say to him or her, You are looking grey this morning. But the grey shade on Bell's face was quite different."

"Just so," assented the Doctor. "And it takes an educated eye—or, I would rather say, an eye possessing a peculiar discernment—to be able to distinguish the one shade from the other; but, to the eye which can do so, it is unmistakable. The grey hue that was on Bell's face I had observed three times before during my life, in three different men; but in each of the cases it was the forerunner of death."

"Do you mean the forerunner of fatal sickness, sir?"

"Only in one of the cases, Frank. The man had been ill for a long while, but his death was entirely unexpected and sudden. The other two had no sickness at all, short or long; they died without it."

"From accident?"

"Yes, from accident."

Frank neither stirred nor spoke. Just for the moment he might have been thought a statue.

"Where Bell is, or where he got to, I know not; but from the time I first heard of his disappearance, I feared the man was dead," added Dr. Raynor. "The probability was, I thought, that he had fallen down in some fit, that had been, or would be, fatal. And I confess the great marvel to me, throughout, has been, that his body could not be found. If this rumor be true—that he is lying at the bottom of the used-up shaft—the marvel is accounted for."

"But—is—is it likely to be true, sir?" cried Frank, in hot remonstrance.

"Very likely, I think, replied the Doctor. "Though I cannot imagine what should bring him *there*."

"Are you ready, Frank?" asked Edina, appearing at the door in her grey plaid shawl and plain straw bonnet. "Good-bye, papa, I have been looking for you."

Dr. Raynor stooped to kiss his daughter quietly; he was not a demonstrative man. Hester was at the door; the boy held the horse's head. Frank helped Edina in; and, taking the reins in his hand, followed her.

"You will not stay too long, Edina?"

"Only the eight or nine days that I am going for, papa."

They drove on. It was a lovely summer's day; and Edina, who enjoyed the sunshine, the balmy atmosphere, the blue sky, the waving trees, and everything pertaining to this serene, out-door life, sat still, and looked about her. Frank was unusually silent. In point of fact, the rumor he had just heard, touching Bell, had well-nigh struck him dumb. Edina might have wondered at this prolonged silence of his, but that she was in deep thought herself.

"Frank," she began, as they neared the station, "I wish you would answer me a question."

He glanced quickly round at her, dread in his heart. Did the question concern the Bottomless Shaft?

"Do you know whether anything is amiss with papa?"

It was a relief; and Frank, ever elastic, brightened up at once.

"Amiss with him? In what way, Edina?"

"With himself; with his health. In the last few weeks he seems to have changed so very much; sometimes he seems quite like a broken-down man. Don't you see that he is ill, Frank?"

"Yes, I am sure he is," replied Frank readily. "But I don't know what it is that's the matter with him."

"It seems to me that he wants rest."

"He gets more rest than he used to get, Edina; I save him all I can. There are some cranky patients who *will* have him, you know."

"I hope it is nothing serious! Do you think he will soon be better?"

Frank touched the horse with the whip; which perhaps made his excuse for not answering. "Had Uncle Hugh been in active condition, I should have left him before this," he observed. "But I want to see him stronger first. He might chance to get some fellow in my place who would not be willing to take most of the work on his shoulders."

"Left him to set up for himself, do you mean, Frank?"

"To be sure. I ought to, you know," he added with a slight laugh.

She understood the allusion. It was the first time Frank's stolen marriage had been alluded to by either of them, since the day it took place.

"How are you getting on, Frank?" she asked in a low tone, as he drew up outside the station. "You and Daisy."

"Not getting on at all. She is there, and I am elsewhere. Now and then I see her for five minutes in their garden; but that's pretty nearly stopped now. Until last night she has been unable to escape from the house for I don't know how long. Of course it is not a lively condition of things."

"It seems to me to be the same thing with you as though you had not been married."

"It is just precisely the same, Edina."

CHAPTER XX.

LOOKING OUT FOR EDINA.

In the bow-window of the shabby dining-room at Spring Lawn, gazing through it earnestly, stood Major Raynor, his wife, and the children. They were on the tiptoe of expectation, waiting for Edina. A vehicle of some kind could be discerned in the road at a distance; opinions differed as to whether it was a fly, or not. The evening sunbeams fell athwart the green lawn and on the clustering flowers, whose perfume mingled with that of the hay, lying in cocks in an adjoining field.

"I am sure it is a fly," cried little Kate, shading her eyes with her hands, that she might see the better.

"And I tell you it is not," retorted Alfred. "That thing, whatever it is, is coming on at a snail's pace like a wagon. Do you suppose Edina is coming in a wagon, little stupid?"

"I don't think it is a wagon," said Major Raynor, who had the aid of an opera-glass. "It has two horses abreast, at any rate. The driver is whipping them up, too; and see—it is coming along now at a strapping pace. I should say it is a large fly."

Every now and then the vehicle lost itself behind trees and hedges and turnings of the road; from the temporary glimpses they caught, it seemed to them to have something like a cart-load of luggage piled upon its roof, which was extremely unlikely to belong to Edina.

On it came; its sound now could be heard, though itself was no longer visible. All ears were bent to catch it; and when abreast of the narrow avenue that led to the garden gate it was distinctly heard to turn off the road and rattle down.

"It is a fly," spoke Alice triumphantly. "And it is bringing Edina."

Charles strolled out to the gate to be in readiness. Away tore the children after him, shouting Edina's name in every variety of voice. Major and Mrs. Raynor followed, and were just in time to be at the drawing up of the vehicle.

It was not a fly. It was a large, lumbering, disreputable conveyance that plied between Bath and some villages daily, and was called Tuppin's van. Disreputable as compared with a genteel, exclusive Bath fly that carried gentlefolks. This was used only by the inferior classes; people who know nothing about "society."

Nevertheless, Edina was in it. Old Tuppin, throwing the reins across his horses, had left his box to go round to the door; which opened at the back after the manner of an omnibus. A sudden silence had fallen on the children. Edina got out. And Tuppin, touching his hat to Major and Mrs. Raynor, selected her trunk from the luggage on the roof, and set it down inside the gate. Three male passengers, seated outside in front of the luggage, watched the proceedings.

Edina put a shilling into Tuppin's hand. He thanked her, ascended to his seat, touched his horses, turned them round, and drove up the avenue with a clatter. Edina was smothered with greetings and kisses on the lawn.

"But how could you come in that van, Edina?"

"The carriages at the station were scarce to-day, Charley. The only one I could see wanted to charge me six shillings. This van—but I call it an omnibus—was waiting there for a passenger, and I took advantage of it."

"It is Tuppin's van," persisted Charley. "Nobody ever travels by it, except servants."

"Nobody with a full pocket, perhaps," smiled Edina, with her straightforwardness and her imperturbable good humor. "I paid a shilling only, and came very comfortably."

"There was an old woman inside as well as you," cried Alfred.

"Yes. It was she who came by the same train that I did, and got out at the station. She is housekeeper, she told me, in some family near here."

Edina caught up little Bobby as she spoke, and the matter dropped. But an impression remained on the minds of the elder children that Edina was more stingy than ever, or she would never have travelled in Tuppin's van when she could have a fly for the hiring. Certainly Edina's ways were saving ways. As contrasted with their own reckless ones, they might appear "stingy." But the time was to come when they would learn how mistaken was the impression, and how entirely they had misjudged her.

"And how are you getting on, Uncle Francis?" asked Edina.

"Backwards, my dear. What with no money, so to say, coming in, and everything going out———"

The Major stopped for want of words to express adequately the position. Edina resumed:

"But you have some money coming in, Uncle Francis. You have your income."

"But what is it, my dear, as compared with expenses? Besides, to tell you the truth, it is always forestalled. There always seems to be such a lot to pay."

"How uneasy it must make you!"

"Not a bit of it," spoke the Major cheerily. "With Eagles' Nest to look to in prospective, it does not signify at all. Talking of Eagles' Nest, Edina, have you heard anything of your Aunt Ann lately?"

"We never do hear from her, Uncle Francis. Papa writes to her sometimes, and I write, but we never get an answer."

"I fear she is on her last legs."

The Major spoke solemnly, with quite a rueful expression of countenance. Badly though he wanted the money that his sister's death would bring, and estranged from him though she was, he could not and did not think of it in any spirit but a sad one.

"I have heard from London two or three times lately, Edina, from my lawyer—John Street, you know. And in each letter he has given me a very poor account of Mrs. Atkinson. Her death, poor soul, must be very near."

It had been nearer than the Major, or even his lawyer, anticipated. She was dead. At this very moment, when the Major was talking of her, she was lying dead at Eagles' Nest. Had been dead three or four hours.

News of it reached them in the morning. A letter was delivered at Spring Lawn, and was carried up, as usual to the Major in bed. Nobody took any particular notice of the letter; as a rule, the Major's letters were but applications from creditors, and could not be supposed to interest the household. Mrs. Raynor was seated at breakfast with her three elder children and Edina, when a sudden bumping on the floor above, and shouts in the Major's voice, startled them considerably.

"Good gracious! he must have fallen out of bed!" cried poor Mrs. Raynor.

"And upset his coffee," added Charley, with a laugh.

But it was nothing of the kind. The Major had jumped up to dress himself in hot haste, and was calling out to them between whiles. He had received news of the death of his sister, Mrs. Atkinson; and was going up forthwith to Eagles' Nest.

"Shall I go too, papa?" asked Charley.

"I don't mind, my boy. I suppose we can scrape up enough money for the tickets."

Of course the children were all in a commotion. Alfred marched up to the nursery, and drew the blinds down.

"What is that for, Master Alfred?" demanded the nurse, who was dressing Kate's doll—Kate herself standing by to watch the process.

"Ah, you don't know," replied Alfred, bursting with impatience to deliver his news, yet withholding it tantalizingly.

"No, I don't," said the nurse, who was often at war with Alfred. "You will have the goodness, sir, to draw the blinds up again, and leave them alone."

"I choose to have them down, nurse."

"You will choose to walk out of my nursery in a minute or two," retorted the nurse. "Wait till I've fixed this frock on. It would be a precious good thing if you were at school, Master Alfred!"

"But I am not going to school," cried Alfred, in irrepressible delight, the good news refusing to be kept down any longer. "I'm going somewhere else. Old Aunt Atkinson's dead, and papa has come into Eagles' Nest and a large fortune, Madame Nurse! And he is going up there to-day; and Charley's going; and we shall go directly. Eagles' Nest! Won't I have a pony to myself!—and a double-barrelled gun!—and a whole shop full of sweet-stuff!"

Leaping over little Robert, who sat on the floor staring at him, he caught hold of Kate in the exuberance of his anticipations, and whirled her round till she was giddy. Then, attempting a leap across the table, he caught his foot on its edge—boy, table and a heavy pincushion that was on it, called a "doctor," all came down together. The noise was something wonderful. It brought up Edina and Alice.

"Whatever is it, nurse?"

"Only one of Master Alfred's freaks, ma'am. He thought he would leap over the table."

Alfred was holding his handkerchief to his nose. He would not acknowledge that it bled.

"We thought the house was falling," said Alice. "It was worse than papa. He gave us the first fright."

"And all because he has come into some money, he says, Miss Raynor," put in the nurse, who was angrily picking up the table, "and the money is to buy him everything under the sun."

"Unseemly boasting, Alfred!" cried Edina. "Had you no thought for your poor aunt?"

"I don't see why I should have it, Edina," returned the boy boldly. "I never saw Aunt Atkinson in my life; why should I pretend to put on sorrow for her?"

"I never said you were to, child. Sorrow is real enough, and perhaps, Alfred, you will find that it comes to you often enough in life, without putting it on. But there is a wide gulf between feigning to be sorrowful and being boisterously elated. As to the fortune, it may not make very much difference to you in any way."

"Oh, won't it though, Edina! Charley's not going to get it all."

"About the blinds, ma'am? Are they to be kept down?"

"I don't know, nurse. I will ask Mrs. Raynor."

"What an old croaker she is!" exclaimed Alfred, as Edina left the room.

"A bit of one," assented Alice.

"That she is not, Miss Alice," said the nurse. "If all of you were only half as good as Miss Edina Raynor!"

When the necessary money for the journey came to be looked after, it was found that the Major and all his household could not scrape it together: though it sounds like a ridiculous fact. Edina came forward with help; and so it was raised.

"I trust it will be all right, Uncle Francis," whispered Edina with earnest sympathy, as she crossed the lawn with the Major when he was departing.

"Right in what way, my dear?"

"That you will inherit Eagles' Nest."

"Oh, that is all right," replied the Major. "My letter tells me so. Everything is willed to me. Poor Ann! Good-bye, my dear; be sure you stay until we return. What a hot walk we shall have of it into Bath!" added the Major, taking off his hat and rubbing his brow in anticipation already. "But there's no help for it; no conveyance of any kind at hand. I'd be glad of Tuppin's van this morning."

Edina stood at the gate, and watched them up the avenue, Charley carrying the black portmanteau. In her steadfast, earnest eyes there lay a certain expression of *rest*. With her habit of looking forward to the dark side of things as well as the bright, Edina had never felt quite assured upon the point of the Major's inheritance; it was welcome, indeed, to hear that this was placed beyond doubt. What would that improvident, helpless family have done without it?

A hand stole itself within Edina's arm. She turned her soft, dark eyes to see Mrs. Raynor, who looked, as usual, very mild about the face, and very limp about the dress. The children had rushed indoors again, and were restlessly running from room to room in the excitement of their new prospects, discussing the wonders that would become theirs, now wealth and greatness had fallen to their portion. Their minds were picturing the future residence at Eagles' Nest all gold, and glitter, and gladness; life was to be as one long Lord Mayor's day.

"It is a great strain removed, Edina!"

"What is, Mary?" For Edina had never called this young wife of her uncle's "Aunt." It had been "Mary" from the first. They were not so very many years removed from one another in age.

"All the distress and contriving about money. I have never said much about it, for where was the use; but you don't know what a strain upon the feelings it has been."

"I do," said Edina. "I can only too readily imagine it. For many years the same strain lay on me and papa—at Trennach, and before we went to Trennach. It is removed now in a degree, for the necessity for saving does not exist as it did, but we are careful still. I learnt economical ways in my pinafores, Mary, and shall never forget them. Your children could not understand my coming here in Tuppin's van yesterday, when I might have hired a fly; but it saved five shillings. Papa is given to urge economy upon me still, and to practise it himself. I think he does so for my sake."

"Ah, what could you do, Edina, if anything happened to your father, and you were left without the means to live?"

Edina laughed at the consternation expressed in Mrs. Raynor's voice. To this really helpless woman, the being left without means seemed as the very greatest of all earthly calamities.

"I should have no fear for myself, Mary. I would go out as useful companion; or plain governess; or even as housekeeper. Few places of practical usefulness would come amiss to me."

"That's true, I am sure," said Mrs. Raynor.

They were strolling across the grass-plat arm-in-arm, Mrs. Raynor stooping to pluck a flower here and there; a June rose; a pink; a morsel of syringa from amid the shrubs.

"How sweet they are, Edina! Take them."

"Sweet, indeed! And I must gather one for myself; a lily of the valley. It is my favorite flower of all flowers."

The lily of the valley picked, they strolled on again. Silence had supervened. Mrs. Raynor was puzzling her brains over the children's mourning; what would, and what would not be necessary, and how it would get made.

"What are you going to do with Charles?" suddenly asked Edina.

"With Charles! I'm sure I don't know. Why, Edina?"

"It is so sad to see a fine young fellow, as he is, with all his wits and capabilities about him, spending his days in idleness. I had meant to talk to Uncle Francis about it to-day. I do think, Mary, it has been a great mistake."

"Well, dear, perhaps it has," replied the equable woman. "But you see, it takes so much money to bring young men on in life; and we had no money to spare."

"Then, where money lacks, they should be 'brought on' in some way that does not take money," rejoined Edina. "Charles has been absolutely idle; and only from the want of being directed to be otherwise. Even Frank saw the error. When he returned to us the last time from his short stay here, he said what a pity it was."

"Charles wanted to be a barrister, I fancy. But the Major could not take any steps in it without money."

"Do you know what I should have done, Mary—placed him in a lawyer's office as a temporary clerk, that he might be acquiring some knowledge of law while he was waiting."

"I declare we never thought of that," cried Mrs. Raynor. "Perhaps Charley would not have liked it, though."

"Perhaps not. I should have done it for all that, had I been Uncle Francis. Nothing in the world is so pernicious to a young man as the acquiring of idle habits. Has Charles been reading law books?"

"No; only novels," said Mrs. Raynor.

"And yet the other might have been of great use to him! It has been just so much precious time wasted, Mary. These opening years of manhood are the best years in a young man's life. I mean as regards the acquirement of knowledge. The faculties are all awake, and thirsting for it. Later, they get somewhat dulled and the thirst diminishes."

"Well, it will be all right, Edina, now that he has Eagles' Nest to look forward to. Of course, he could look forward to it before; but the doubt was, when we should come into it. Suppose Mrs. Atkinson had lived to be a hundred years old? Some people do. Where should we have all have been then?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Edina, smiling. "Suppose Uncle Francis should live to be a hundred, Mary? Where would Charley be in that case?"

"But, Edina, what would it matter? With a beautiful place like Eagles' Nest, and means to keep it up, the children would always be sure of a welcome there. It would be Charley's as much as ours. He ——"

"Oh, mamma! Oh, Edina! What do you think? Papa has gone without his shaving tackle, and without his boots!"

The salutation came from the children; all of them wildly rushing forth again to shout it out. They had been visiting the Major's dressing-room, and discovered that these indispensable articles had been left behind.

"They are his light summer boots, too; those with the long name," said Alice. "He cannot walk about much in any others."

"Dear, dear, dear!" lamented Mrs. Raynor. "He must have put on those tight, patched ones by mistake—and they always blister his heels. How will he be able to get to Bath?"

* * * * * * *

Eagles' Nest was not large, but it was one of the prettiest places in all Kent. A long, low, ancient house of grey stone, covered in places with ivy. Some of its old-fashioned casements, with their small panes, had been replaced (many people said spoilt) by modern windows of plate-glass, opening to terraces, to undulating lawns, and to beds of brilliant-hued flowers. Few old houses have so gay and cheerful appearance as this house had; perhaps owing to the large windows and to other improvements. The entrance door stood in the middle, and was approached by three or four broad, low steps. Painted casements of rich and blended colors—blue, pink, violet, amethyst, and gold—threw their lovely tints upon the tesselated pavement of the hall. Rooms opened on either side of it; bright, attractive rooms, that had a very *home* look, in spite of their beauty, with the large windows that let in the joyous sunlight, and outside Venetian blinds to draw down at will. It was altogether a compact, cheery, and most desirable residence; and it was at an easy and convenient distance by rail from London. The estate, in regard to its land, had been well kept up by Mrs. Atkinson. It was worth about two thousand a year; but was capable of improvement.

When Major Raynor and his son arrived there in the course of the afternoon, the Major in some torment touching his heels and his boots, they were received by Mr. Street, the solicitor to the late Mrs. Atkinson. He was brother to Mr. Edwin Street, the acting partner in the Atkinson bank. John Street was the elder of the brothers; a man of sixty now, who was well-known in London as a quiet and most respectable practitioner. He was reserved in manners; not at all what could be called "genial," and rather severe than benevolent; strictly just, but perhaps not generous.

As the fly that brought the Major and his son from the nearest station rattled up, Mr. Street appeared at the hall door; a little man in spectacles, with cold light eyes and very scanty hair.

"I am glad you have come, Major Raynor."

"And I'm sure I'm glad to see that you are," returned the Major, cordially holding out his hand. "I might have found myself in a fog without you. I got your letter this morning."

"We received news of Mrs. Atkinson's death yesterday afternoon; her coachman was sent up with the tidings, and I wrote to you at once," observed Mr. Street. "As you are the sole inheritor save for a few trifling legacies, and also the executor, I thought it well, as I stated in my letter, that you should be here."

"Just so," said the Major. "When did you get here yourself?"

"I came down this morning."

"And I and Charley started off in a scuffle to catch the ten o'clock train—and I came away in my wrong boots, and—and Charley has been laughing at me. You don't know him, Street—my eldest son and heir. Charley, come here, sir, and be introduced to Mr. Street."

Charles Raynor had been looking from the open window. He had never before seen so pretty a place before as this one, lying under the June sunshine. Hay was being made here, just as it had been in Somerset; and the sweet fresh smell came wafted to him on the summer breeze. The lawns were beautifully kept, the flowers were choice; shrubs clustered around, trees waved above. In the distance was spread out a beautiful landscape, than which nothing could have been more pleasing to the eye. Close by, curled the blue smoke from the little village of Grassmore, hidden by the trees from the view of its grand neighbor, Eagles' Nest. Surely in this spot man could find all that his heart desired! Charley sighed as he turned in obedience to the call; the lad had a love for the beauties of nature.

"Had this been left to others instead of ourselves, how I should envy them, now that I have seen it!" said Charles to himself. And he was not thinking then of any pecuniary benefit.

Mr. Street looked keenly at him as he turned. He saw a tall, slender, good-looking young man; who, in manner at least, appeared to be somewhat indifferent, not to say haughty.

"A proud young dandy who thinks the world's made for him," decided the lawyer in his inmost mind.

"In any profession, young sir?" asked Mr. Street.

"Not yet," replied Charles. "I shall have I expect, to go to college before thinking of one at all."

"Better enter one," said Mr. Street, shortly. "There's no life so pleasant as one that has its regular occupation; none so miserable as one of idleness."

"And that's true," put in the Major. "Since I left the service, I've been like a fish out of water. Sometimes, before the day has well begun I wish it was ended, not knowing what to do with myself."

"Not many weeks ago, Mrs. Atkinson was talking to me about that very thing, Major. She fancied you would have done better not to sell out."

"Ay; I've said so myself. Poor Ann! Poor Ann! I should like to have seen more of her. But she had her crotchets, you know, Street. Did she suffer much at the last, I wonder?"

"No, she went off quite easily, like one who was worn out. She is lying in the red room; I've been up to see her. A good woman; but, as you observe, Major, crotchety on some points."

"Why, would you believe it, Street, she once thought of disinheriting me."

"I know it," replied the lawyer. "And, perhaps," he added, with as much of a smile as ever came near his lips, "you owe it to me that she did not do it."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"I received a letter from her, calling me down here, for the purpose, she said, of altering her will. Away I came, bringing the will with me—for I held one copy of it, as you may remember, Major Raynor, and you the other. 'I want to disinherit my brother,' were the first words she said to me; 'I shall leave Eagles' Nest to George Atkinson; I always wished him to have it.' Of course I asked the why and the wherefore. 'Francis has affronted me, and he shall not inherit it,' was all the explanation I could get from her. Well, Major, I talked to her, and brought her into a more reasonable frame of mind (and the result was, that I carried the original will back to town with me, untouched and unaltered."

"Poor Ann! Poor Ann!" repeated the Major.

"About the arrangements?" resumed Mr. Street. "If I can be of any use to you, Major ——"

"Why, you can be of all the use," interrupted the Major. "I don't know a bit how to manage anything."

Mr. Street had brought the will down with him today, and it was deemed right to open it at once. Major Raynor found that the recollection he had retained of its general contents was pretty accurate, save on one point. Eagles' Nest was left to him as it stood, with all its contents and appurtenances; and he was made a residuary legatee; therefore, whatever moneys might have accumulated or been invested in shares, stock, and what not, would become his, after all claims and legacies were paid. The one point on which his memory had not served him, regarded the bequest to Frank Raynor. Instead of being "among the thousands," as he had confidently believed, and led Frank to believe, it was only among the hundreds. And not very high in them, either. Five hundred pounds. That was its amount; neither more nor less. The Major looked at the amount ruefully.

"I'm sure I can't tell how I came to take up the notion that it was so much more, Charley," said he. "I am very sorry. It will be a disappointment for Frank."

"But can't you make it up to him, father?" suggested Charles. "There must be a great deal of accumulated money, as Mr. Street says; you might spare Frank a little out of it."

"Why, to be sure I can," heartily returned the Major, his eyes beaming. "It did not strike me. But I should have thought of it myself, Charley, later."

"A great deal of accumulated money, regarding it from a moderate point of view," spoke the lawyer, in confirmation. "Mr. Timothy Atkinson left a fairish sum behind him, the interest upon which must have been accumulating until now. And his widow did not, I am sure, live up to anything like the revenues of this estate."

"What is it all invested in?—where's it lying?" asked the Major.

"We must see to that."

"But don't you know?"

"No. Mrs Atkinson managed her monetary affairs herself, without reference to me. My brother knows all about everything, I dare say; but he is, and always has been, as close as wax."

"Perhaps the money is deposited with him?"

"I think not," said the lawyer. "I know he once, close though he is, said something to the effect that it was not. The securities for it, bonds and vouchers, and so forth, are no doubt lying in his hands."

The funeral took place, Mr. Street again coming down for the ceremony. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Edwin Street. Dr. Raynor had declined the invitation sent him; he was not well enough to undertake the long journey; and Frank could not be spared.

Some conversation occurred between the brothers, on the way down, about the above mentioned securities; but the banker at once said they were not deposited with him. In the after part of the day, when the funeral was over, Lawyer Street mentioned this to Major Raynor, and said they were no doubt "somewhere in the house."

A thorough search ensued; old Mrs. Atkinson's maid, an elderly and partially confidential attendant of many years, taking part in it. She showed them every possible place of security, locked and unlocked, in which such deeds could be placed. But none were found.

"I still think they must be in your strong boxes at the bank," observed the lawyer to his brother, as he and Major Raynor returned to the room where they had left Mr. Edwin Street and Charles.

"But I assure you they are not," replied the banker, who bore a good deal of resemblance to his brother, and had the same cold manner. "When Mrs. Atkinson made her will, she lodged with us certain bonds of India Stock, just about sufficient to pay the legacies she bequeathed in that will when the time should come—as it now has come. She told me that she intended the stock to be applied to that purpose. We hold the bonds still; and the interest, which we have regularly received for her, has been added to her current account with us; but we hold no other securities whatever."

"What an odd thing!" cried the Major. "Where can they be?"

"When our second partner, Mr. Timothy Atkinson, died," continued the banker, "he left a certain sum in the bank to his wife's account, upon which she was to receive substantial interest. But in about a year, I think it was, she withdrew this sum, and invested it elsewhere."

"Where? What in?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE comb is the hen's pulse. If that be strong and bright, of a good color and full of blood, shaking with every quick movement of the bird in the cackling [illegible], the bird is in a normal state of health and in a laying condition. When the [illegible] combs and wattles have a purplish tinge the bird is not well.

SAWDUST is a most excellent bedding for horses and cattle. It is superior to straw in many respects. It is a much better absorbent than straw, and much cleaner. For a packing horse it is much better, as it displaces the bedding only where the foot touches the floor of the stall, while straw being long, is displaced generally by the animal.

PRESERVING VEGETABLES.—Parsnips, carrots and salsify are better to be left in the ground all winter, and taken out when needed. But as frequently the ground is frozen hard, rendering them inaccessible at times, a portion can be removed this month and buried in the cellar for use. The same may be said of horse-radish, which is now going to its best condition, and can be eaten all winter.

FEEDING SWINE.—According to a series of experiments conducted through a term of six years at the Maine State Agricultural College, it was proved that corn meal for feeding swine is more economical than meal that is cooked. This accords with our own experience, although contrary to common opinion. The extra cost of labor and fuel required to cook meal for swine is no small item in a small herd, and must require a considerable increase in the gross number of pounds of pork from the meal consumed to make the operation a paying one.

FENCES.—The waste in making and mending fences that are unnecessary is very great. The fences and walls on farms in this State alone, cost nearly twenty-five millions of dollars, and the yearly repairs [illegible] four millions. But this is not all. The loss of time caused by small lots and the loss of land and crops would make a still greater sum, a very large part of which might be avoided by the removal of the division fences. We are not obliged to build fences to keep cattle out, but only to keep our own cattle in, and hence the expensive fences along the public highways might, in many cases, be dispensed with.

SALTING STOCK.—Experiments which have recently been made, show that when cows have been salted but once a week, their flow of milk has been the largest on the days when they have been salted [illegible] two days, they gave more milk on the day when they had salt, than on the day they did not. The reason to be drawn is obvious enough. Salt your cows every day, [illegible] so that whenever it has appetite for salt it can get it. No animal will eat more salt than it wants [illegible] if it has access to the trough at every day, but if [illegible] to go salt-hungry for a time and then given a chance, it is pretty certain to eat more than is good for it. None of us would relish being obliged to eat a week's supply of salt every Sunday morning or any other morning, and cows hate it. [illegible] the most paying way and the best way all round.

WEIGHT OF HAY.—It is often desirable to estimate the weight of hay in a mow or stack. The following method will be found convenient, and sufficiently correct for ordinary purposes. [illegible] Thoroughly cured, air-dried hay [illegible] eleven to twelve cubic or solid yards to weigh a ton. In the stack, [illegible] Hay in a large mow or stack [illegible] quired to weigh a ton. To ascertain the [illegible] tiply the length, breadth [illegible] and divide the product by [illegible] the number of tons in your mow, for instance—your mow of clover is seven yards long, five yards wide, and three yards deep [illegible] solid yards [illegible] tons in the mow; [illegible] twelve, and you [illegible] tons; but having [illegible] boy can work out all required results.

AN ESKIMO STORY

BY DR. HENRY RINK.

Once on a time there was a poor orphan-boy who lived among a lot of uncharitable men. His foster-mother was a wretched old woman, and his name was Kagsagsuk. They were not allowed to enter the house, but had their abode in a little shed next to the house-passage. There Kagsagsuk lay among the dogs, and at times when he crawled along the sunken passage up to the door, some of the inmates would raise him up by putting their fingers into his nostrils, which grew and grew, while the rest of him did not grow at all. He had wretched fare, and was the laughing-stock of the whole company. At last his foster-mother got him a pair of boots, and sent him up into the hills, telling him to call out: "Lord of strength, come forth." Immediately there appeared to him an amarok, that is, a monstrous and fabulous wolf, which twisted its tail round him and threw him down. As he lay he heard a rustling, and saw a number of seal-bones, like small toys, falling from his body. "It is because of these bones that thy growth has been stopped," said the amarok, which threw him down four times with the same result. The fifth time he did not fall, and went home running and jumping. Every day he returned to the amarok, and at last he grew so strong that even the beast could not overthrow him, and then it spoke:

"That will do, no man can now conquer thee any more, go home and keep to thy old ways; when winter comes then will be the time to show thyself; three great bears will then appear, and they shall all be killed by thy hand." Home he went, and bore the mocking of the men, and the pelting of the girls and boys, as before, till autumn came. One day the kayakers brought home a huge piece of drift-wood, which was too heavy to be carried up to the house at once. At night Kagsagsuk stepped down to the spot, shouldered the log, and ran up with it to the house. In the morning all the men cried out, "Who ever could have done this? There surely must be a very strong man among us;" and the young men all gave themselves great airs, that each might be believed to be the great unknown strong man, the impostors!

Still Kagsagsuk remained unknown till in the winter the three bears came, but no one ventured to run the risk of attacking them. "Mother," said Kagsagsuk, "lend me thy boots, that I, too, may have a look at the bears." She gave them, and added, mocking, "Then fetch me a skin for my couch, and another for my coverlet in return." All the men thought him out of his wits, but he ran down to the shore, shouldering them on one side as though they had been a shoal of little fish. His heels seemed to touch his neck, and the snow sparkled like a rainbow before him. Mounting the iceberg, he seized the biggest bear by the paw, turned round for a moment to make himself 'hard' by a charm, and dashed the beast against the iceberg till the haunches parted from the body. Then he hurled the carcass down among the bystanders, bawling out, "This was my first catch, now flense away and share." They all thought the second bear would be his death, but the second and the third fared much in the same way, except that Kagsagsuk caught hold of the third by the fore-paws, and went swinging it round his head among the crowd, crying out, "This fellow behaved shamefully to me, and this fellow still worse," until they all fled before him. On entering the passage he gave his mother the two bear-skins, and ordered the meat to be cooked. Now every one asked him to enter the main room, but he only peeped over the threshold, saying, "I really can't get across unless some one lifts me up by the nostrils." No one dared to do so, till his old mother came and lifted him up. Every one was now very civil. "Sit here, sit there," they said, and offered him boots and breeches, and all the girls wanted to sew clothes for him. After supper, one of the inmates bade one of the girls go and draw water for 'dear' Kagsagsuk. She brought it, and he took a drink, and drew her tenderly to him, but all at once he squeezed her so hard that the blood gushed from her mouth; but he only said, "Why, I think she has burst," while her parents said, "Never mind, she was good for nothing but to fetch water." By-and-by the boys came in, and he called out, "What mighty seal-hunters you will make;" at the same time seizing hold of them and crushing and tearing them to pieces. But their friends only said, "It doesn't matter, he has only played a little at shooting." Thus Kagsagsuk went on, putting to death all the inmates of the house till he had made an end of them. As for the poor who had been kind to him he treated them well, and shared the store of food laid up for the winter with them. Then taking the best of the kayaks, he roved up and down the coast to show his strength, so that all along the shores records of his great deeds are shown, and this is why the story of Kagsagsuk is believed to be true.

A PRESENTIMENT THAT SAVED ONE HUNDRED LIVES.

If the general who wins a battle is deserving honorable mention, certainly the brave or thoughtful action of an unknown locomotive engineer, who saves a hundred lives from instant destruction, should not be allowed to sink into oblivion without some sort of recognition. M. Wolfe, Londoner, was returning from his eastern trip by way of the Chicago and Alton Railroad and had a berth on a sleeping-car, all unconscious of danger, when the conductor awoke and asked him to come out and see how narrowly he had escaped perdition. Wolfe followed him, and found the train standing on the bridge that crosses the Mississippi at Louisiana, Mo. The conductor led him to the front of the engine, and there, several hundred feet from the shore, was a yawning chasm over one hundred feet wide. The river had undermined the third pier from the shore, and still some distance from the draw, and it had gone down, carrying a whole section of the bridge with it. The time of night was 11.45, and the freight train had crossed safely at 11. The engineer gave the accustomed three whistles as he approached the bridge, and the position of the signal lights showed that the draw was shut. The engineer, whose name is P. McNamara, said that as he approached the bridge he was seized with a strong presentiment that all was not right. He could see no signal from the watchman, always kept on duty at the bridge, and proceeded very slowly. All at once, and he could not tell why he did it, the engineer reversed the engine and stopped the train. He got off to look ahead, and he found the pilot within a few feet of the yawning chasm. Another turn of the wheels and he never would have lived to tell the story, nor, in all probability any of the hundreds or more passengers in the five coaches, which would have inevitably plunged into the roaring torrent fifty feet below. It seems the watchman who had passed over the bridge after the freight passed, had gone on a spree, and was found drunk in the city.

SCIENCE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago Linnæus, the father of modern science, was yet alive. He had already perfected his great work—that of classifying all living things on such easy principles as occurred to him. These bases of classification have all been discarded since by wider and more profound students; but what he was able to do, and the thousands of plants and animals which he first distinguished and named, will keep his name in perpetual reverence. A hundred years ago De Candolle was not born. A hundred years ago Cuvier was but six years old. The science of a hundred years ago was eager, curious, feeling out everywhere into regions full of fruit to be gathered. It wanted gathering, and then classifying and fixing. A hundred years ago American science was famed for the name of one man, Benjamin Franklin, who had discovered that ligtning was electricity, and who had, with Yankee shrewdness, instantly turned his discovery to the practical account of the lightning rod. Count Rumford had not then made his famous discovery of the equivalence of heat and motion. We had no zoologist. Indeed, zoology was hardly invented then. But we had Bartram, the cotemporary of Linnæus, and who was, next to Linnæus, the greatest living botanist. A hundred years ago there was no chemistry in existence, although Priestly—not yet an American resident—had discovered oxygen two years before; but Lavoisier was at that time engaged in the investigations which proved that there is no such thing as phlogiston, and that chemistry could exist only as an exact science, based on exact weights and measures. A hundred years ago Watt had not perfected his imperfect engine, and Whitney had not thought of his cotton-gin. There was no machinery then, and all work was done by hand-labor. The word "geology" was scarcely invented; and what geologists there were, were Wernians and Huttonians. A hundred years ago astronomy was as Newton had left it, and Herschel had not discovered Uranus; nor had La Place invented the mathematics of the science. Science in its present form may be said to have had its entire growth in the hundred years which synchronizes with the American nation's first century.

HERE AND THERE.

A MOTTO for young lovers—He is [and no fainter.

A TEACHER fainted, the other morning, and a little girl, describing it at home, said, "She was so fainted they couldn't come her to."

"Is your voice a sophomore?" inquired a country music committee-man of a young lady who applied for a position in the choir.

In selecting colors for the various departments of your houses, avoid a brown study. As for the library, it should always be red.

"DOCTOR," said a wife to the practitioner who was cutting open her husband's shirt as he was in a fit of apoplexy, "cut, if you please, along the seam."

A LADY, who was more favored by fortune than education, at a party she gave, desired her daughter to play that fashionable new malady she got last week.

A PLACARD in the window of a patent medicine vender, in Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack, just opposite."

"PRAY, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madame, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

AN old gentleman who is getting "thin at the top" says, "Always pick out a bald-headed barber to shave you, because he can't consistently ask you to buy any hair-restorative."

"MA," exclaimed a little girl, holding up a newspaper, "it says of the man that was shot that his remains were taken to their last resting place. Why does it say remains? Wasn't he all there?"

AN Irishman, the other day, bid a most extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and as a reason he said, that "as he loved to rise early, he had only to pull the string and wake himself."

EDWIN—"And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret?" Angeline (promptly)—"Nothing easier, Edwin, dear. You have only to behave to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it."

A GENTLEMAN named Dunlop remarked that he had never heard his name punned upon, and did not believe that it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," remarked a punster. "Just lop off half the name, and it is Dun."

A CLERGYMAN had just united in marriage a couple whose names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" asked a friend. "They appeared both Anniemated and Bennifitted."

THE champion scholar has turned up. Being asked to sign his initials to a document, he wanted to know "what nishuls were." "Why, your name being George Gould, you want two G's." "Oh, I see," he said, and wrote "2 Geese."

A PREMIUM for involuntary wit must be conferred upon the old lady in New Bedford, who heard about the cheapness of the manufactured oils and the great increase in the use of them, which threatened to drive the sperm-oil out of the market. "Dear me, the poor whales! What will they do?"

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was giving a lesson in Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindness of Boaz in commanding the reapers to drop large handfuls of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boaz did another nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her!" said one of the boys.

IT was a little Albany lad who could not tell what he wanted when he arrived at the corner store. Thought it was something about time, a fortnight, or something of that sort. "Why, my little man, a fortnight is two weeks." "That's it," ejaculated the little messenger, in high glee; "Mamma told me to get two wicks—two lamp wicks."

DOBBS, (who is a jolly old bachelor), and a bright young lady acquaintance, were bantering each other about marriage. "Oh," said she, "you'll get married one of these days, I know, and you'd have me now, if I would wait for you." "You'll have to wait until my second childhood then," said Dobbs. Well, I shouldn't have long to wait, was the quick repartee from the lady.

"THIS," said the private secretary to the railroad manager, "is a letter five pages long, from the editor of the Banner asking for some statistics and miscellaneous information concerning the road, which he desires to incorporate into an article soon to be published, that cannot fail to be of great interest to his readers, and will possibly be of value to the railroad. The circulation of the Banner is ——" "Skip that," said the manager; "turn over to the postscript and see how far he wants the pass for."

ECCENTRIC Father Moody used to be the delight and guide of York, Me., the old seaport town which disputes with St. Augustine the honor of having been the first city in America. In its ancient meeting-house he administered his celebrated rebuke to his tardy parishioner, a stately Englishman, who walked up the broad aisle in prayer time. "And, it good Lord," prayed the worthy parson, "among Thy other kind dispensations, cure Thy servant who has just entered Thy house of his ungodly strut."

THE Crown Prince of Germany had a very timid servant who could not answer the most simple question without blushing and being confused. This conduct did not please the heir-apparent to the throne of Germany, who is far from being a tyrant in his household, and he kindly advised one of his chamberlains to instruct the servant so that he would not be so awkwardly respectful next time. When the Crown Prince got home that evening, he was surprised to find the bashful servant waiting for him with a broad and genial smile on his countenance.

"Who is here?" asked the Prince.

"Only the old man!" smilingly replied the valet.

(He referred to the Emperor of Germany.)

"Great Moltke! he is drunk!" said the Crown Prince, starting back in astonishment.

"Lord! No! He isn't more'n half tight," replied the servant, pleasantly.

Apparently the Chamberlain's lessons had borne fruit.

FOLLOWING the example of Sir John Dean Paul, whose firm was in the habit of opening its proceedings daily with a religious service, several bank managers and directors have for some time held a prayer meeting at midday, especially for bank clerks. Any one present is at liberty to take part in the devotions, and the other day, it is said, a young man rose in the body of the room and proceeded to offer a short prayer, in the course of which he astonished and annoyed the excellent persons who had organized the meetings, by petitioning that a "spirit of liberality" might be poured out upon the directors of banks, so that they would make a large addition to the salaries of their hard-working and ill-paid servants. Notwithstanding the angry looks which, we are told, were directed at the ingenuous youth, a prayer for a fair day's wage, in return for an honest day's work, seems legitimate enough.

A Prime Remedy for a Painful Disease.

The pangs endured by the rheumatic are attributed by scientific pathologists to the contact of a certain abnormal, acid element in the blood with the sensitive covering of the muscles and joints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, being a superb blood depurent, is admirably calculated to expel that impurity and by removing the cause to allay the pain and feverish symptoms which it produces. That it is a most successful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia and gout, as well as a reliable means of counteracting those diseases, is a fact amply evidenced by voluntary certificates emanating from those whom it has cured, and attested by medical practitioners of high repute. It is likewise a sovereign curative of dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, urinary troubles, and general debility, as well as the most popular and successful antidote to malaria extant.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

Act upon the Liver, removing all obstructions, relax the ducts of the gall-bladder, the bile starts freely and the liver is soon relieved, the stools will show what the Pills can do, nothing has ever been invented except Calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use unless with great care) that will unlock the gall-bladder and start the secretions of the Liver like SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the *Kansas Farmer*. It is among the most vigorous and ably edited of our Western Agricultural journals.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION.—This magazine is, without any exception, the cheapest monthly in existence. Each number is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings. The price is only $1.25 a year, and it is sent to subscribers free of postage; besides an extra large oil chromo is given gratis, and sent free of postage, to every subscriber. Good cash commission to agents. Sample copies 10 cents, free of postage. F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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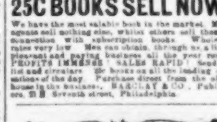

United States Centennial Commission.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, 1876.

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$3.00 LOT.

One pair Amethyst Sleeve Buttons inlaid with Pearls, One set of Studs to match the above, One beautiful Gents' Watch Chain with Charm, One fine Topaz Ring, One elegant Amethyst Ring set with Pearls, One pair Gold Stone Sleeve Buttons, One Collar Button, One set Spiral Studs, One pair (2) Engraved Bracelets, One "Lake George" Diamond Stud, One pair Coral Ear Rings, One set Jet Pin and Ear Rings.

$5.00 LOT.

One Ladies' Opera Chain with Slide and Tassel, One beauty Ladies' Neck Chain, One fine Locket for the above, One Ladies' "Cameo" Pin and Ear Rings, One pair (2) elegant Bracelets, One pair Amethyst Sleeve Buttons inlaid with Pearls, One pair Onyx Sleeve Buttons, One Set Studs to match the above, One fine Gents' Watch Chain with Charm, One Amethyst Ring inlaid with Pearls, One Topaz Ring inlaid with Pearls, One Ladies' Ring marked "Friendship," One Lady's Chemise Button.

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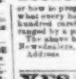
The Greenbrook & Paterson City Nurseries

AGENTS WANTED.



OUT-SELLING IMMENSELY—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

CAUTION

FREE

KANSAS.

All about its Soil, Climate, Its resources, its Products and its people are given in the KANSAS FARMER ...

THE FASHIONS.

Since it has become a settled fact that stern old Pater Winter is really upon us, the principal thought is how to keep him from freezing us, for to achieve that feat is a pet trick of his; consequently, warm cloaks and furs are the rule. One sees so many varieties of the former that it is difficult to say which is the leading style. If as it used to be, the Parisian verdict would settle all disputes upon such subjects, then we would have to declare in favor of long sacques of plain, or else basket cloth, trimmed with a band or two of silk, and an edging of fringe, or else a wide ruche of ostrich or cock's feathers. We saw a very handsome one made in this way.

The material was basket cloth, a mixture of silk and wool. The edging of the pockets, cuffs, and sides and bottom of the sacque, was a wide band of black ostrich feathers. The neck had a wider ruche; and the muff accompanying the sacque or paletot was composed entirely of ostrich feathers in successive bands, and lined with cardinal-colored silk. The same kind of lining was used for the ruche worn about the neck of the sacque.

A sacque of brown velvet for a little girl was cut half tight-fitting, and trimmed with bands of chinchilla fur. A muff of the velvet had similar bands, and a close-fitting brown velvet cottage cap or bonnet had a row of the same fur around the front and crown.

Pardessus of brown cloth, made very much after the old-fashioned pelisse of our grandmother's day, and trimmed with fringe or fur, are very popular for girls of from five or six to fourteen years of age.

PLAIDED DRESSES

are to be much worn this winter by school girls, and, indeed, young ladies out of school.

A preference is given the forty second plaid of blue and green for young ladies and a medium-sized plaid [illegible]. Sometimes these dresses are corded with very dark cardinal or garnet color, and are then very stylish, though more appropriate for home wear than for the street.

For school girls the plaited blouse waist, and if younger than ten years of age, the kilted skirt is also worn, and beneath the cording of cardinal color, a sash of the silk of a similar color is also added. This makes a very bright warm looking suit for cold weather.

Flannel waterproof cloaks in [illegible] of gray and brown is still popular.

For boys of eight to ten very pretty double-breasted blouses, with knickerbockers, only showing a few inches below the belt, [illegible] are being worn again.

The ever popular sailor suits, with jaunty hats of [illegible] to accompany them, are [illegible] at the throat and across the chest, [illegible]

[illegible]

Felt skirts of scarlet, blue, black and brown felt are shown with about a half yard of quilted silk of a similar tint put on the lower edge.

[illegible] capote bonnets are the leading style in bonnets.

Gray and creamy white felt hats with beaver rims are much worn by fashionable young ladies.

Malachite and Lapis Lazuli jewelry, [illegible] in antique forms, and set very [illegible] in yellow gold is the latest Parisian fancy.

Veils of delicately dotted tulle cover the entire face, and are tied [illegible] over the capote bonnet.

Kid gloves, with elaborately stitched gauntlet cuffs, are much worn.

Neckties of basket-braided cardinal and blue silk, have successive rows of [illegible] fringe on the edges.

Grebe sets are coming back into popularity, since the fine exhibition of them made during the Centennial.

Seal skin hats are high in the crown.

The newest luxury is eider-down lined walking boots.

Embroidered polonaises are worn by many.

The pronounced panier bustles, which were worn by ultra fashionable folk during summer and autumn, and which extended to the bottom of the dresses, are no longer to be seen.

Cute little bonnets for wee folk are shown in blue and crimson split zephyr, finely crocheted, and afterwards wrought in silk stars.

Fur muffs for church use and also for places of amusement, are regularly carried, attached to a silk cord, and made of silk lined with fur. We say "regularly carried," but we must qualify the remark and say carried by many, especially sensible folk who care about their health.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer and Ordaday for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

For this week we propose a home made lamp or flower stand. Materials required are two yards of some delicate pattern in cretonne, or else the same quantity of crimson or dark blue reps, some tacks; a quantity of English walnut or Madeira nut shells, carefully split open, some brown paint—only a small quantity of this latter; some copal varnish; and most important of all, the formation of the stand which must be of wood,—arranged in this wise: Two round or octagonal pieces twelve or fourteen inches across, a stout stick about about three feet and a quarter in height. The round pieces must be nailed and glued on each end of the stick, being careful to get the exact centre of each round piece. Now cut two pieces of the cloth, whether reps or cretonne, about a yard and a-quarter or three-eighths in length. Sew them together, and having carefully pressed open the seam so formed, turn down about two inches of one edge and laying it in small pleats turning one way, tack it on the upper round piece around the edge of it. After finishing it and carefully concealing the joining by lapping over the last pleat; find the exact centre of the stick and having done so take a band of your material, and folding it two inches wide and twelve long, put it around the centre, drawing the reps cover into an hour-glass shape. Fasten the lower edge of the cover to the bottom piece of your stand in a manner similar to the arrangement of the upper part. Now for the putting on of the walnut shells. If preferred, the upper round of the stand may be left bare, and stained or painted brown; the usual method is to cover it with a round of cloth similar to the covering of the sides. Paint a rim of brown about an inch and a half wide about the upper edge of the stand and when dry add another coat. While wet put on the walnut shells, the hollow side downwards. If they do not stick sufficiently fast upon the paint, they may be glued on. Paint them of a rich brown color and afterwards varnish with a coating of the Copal varnish. Finish the bottom in a similar way, and if liked, the band around the central part.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNETTE G.—A very suitable gift for you to offer your betrothed will be a smoking cap of velvet or cloth, braided or embroidered; a tobacco pouch, or a case for comb, brushes and tooth brush, to hang in his room or else a case for slippers, like the one we described in a few numbers back.

MRS. LAGRAND.—Your boy of eight is, according to our notion, much too young for long pants. You can, however, begin to lengthen his pants, by a deep vest and jacket closed at the throat, and falling away to disclose the vest, which is a pretty style.

JOSIE EDWARDS.—It is not so fashionable now as formerly to wear the hair falling in "charming disorder" over the shoulders. A thick plait, tied near the head, and again near the bottom of it is more *en regle* for girls of fourteen.

MINON.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

> For of all sad words, of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: "It Might Have Been."
> —*Whittier*

Ah, yes, those words, "It Might Have Been,"
Are the saddest of all, if the fruit of sin!
If the pride of life, or worldly might,
Have turned us aside from the path of right,
And our steps we learn, in after years,
We cannot retrace, though we seek with tears;
Ah, yes, those words, "It Might Have Been,"
May be the saddest of all words then.
But if, as the Angel Duty has led,
We have lived alone, or have loved and wed,
Though storms and clouds may come to-day,
And rough and stormy be the way;
If whispering in the darkest hour
Come with the storm from some sweet bower,
A tempter's voice now seems to say,
"You might have rested here to-day,"
Shall we regret the way we've come?
The storm that brings us nearer Home—
That Home where an endless crown is ours,
Where the King shall lead to fadeless bowers,
Shall any thought of "What might have been"
Have power to sadden a moment then?

RUTH DARNEL'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

As Ruth Darnel sat under a magnificent sycamore tree on the little lawn in front of her mother's cottage, she formed a picture which Mr. Leslie would have delighted to paint, and which might have inspired a poet.

A woman may look very striking as queen of the ball-room, or holding a kind of levee in a box at the opera, but real loveliness never shows to such effect as amid the surroundings of Nature.

Nothing could have framed Ruth so well as the dark leaves of the sweeping sycamore which drooped nearly to the ground behind her, and threw soft shadows which suited her face to perfection. That face was pale, with classic outline, dark hair low on her brows, and eyes of velvet fringed with long long lashes. It was a face which could be calm enough in repose, but which had within it possibilities of fierce anger and enduring emotion. It was a face that could suffer patiently enough, but had little forgiveness in it. Moreover the broad white brow and lustrous eyes told a true tale of a cultivated intelligence and power of thought. Such was Ruth Darnel as we first see her sitting idly beneath the sycamore tree on the lawn.

It had been well for Ruth Darnel that her mind had been carefully cultivated, for she had comparatively early in life to go out as a governess; Mrs. Darnel, the widow of a clergyman, being left nearly penniless when her husband died. At the time of which we are writing, however, she had come into a small annuity, and was enabled to have Ruth at home with her in a little cottage in a little cottage in Surrey, only a short distance from London.

Ruth Darnel had not known very pleasant experiences when a governess. No doubt governesses are very much better treated nowadays than of old; they are seldom the persecuted beings that have been represented in fiction; but at the same time a governess's is not the happiest life in the world, and the roses, if any, which strew such a path, have, we suspect, more than their fair share of thorns. Occasionally a governess gets the upper hand in a family of *nouveaux riches* (after the manner of the immortal Miss Wirt) by a command of the aspirate, and an avoidance of her knife as a means for the consumption of peas—both high and unattainable accomplishments to certain people.

But Ruth Darnel had found her romance even in the hard and monotonous toil of a governess's life, and in it she was supremely happy.

She had met in one of the families in which she had taught a young subaltern in the army, a certain Reginald Tremaine, who, struck by her charms, and completely subjugated by the wonderful eyes, had made fierce love to her, which Ruth returned with all the intensity of her nature. And she did so after many warnings. Tremaine, as the saying runs, was not a bad young fellow, but he was fond of pleasure, and his was a shallow nature, wholly unable to respond to such love as Ruth's. Moreover he was extravagant, and seldom could keep within the allowance made him by his father. It was the old story. Tremaine was handsome, and fancied himself very much in love with his beautiful Ruth; and she only looking to the sunshine of the present, never dreamt of shadows in the future, and was supremely happy.

This arrangement annoyed no one so much as a certain John Morton, Ruth's cousin, older than herself, but devotedly attached to her ever since she was a child. The time had been when John had hinted at his hopes; but the peal of merry laughter which greeted him, and the sisterly frankness with which he was answered, had caused him to dismiss those hopes for ever, and to put up with the cold and pale lilies of friendship instead of the roses of love.

Of course, even when he had not the slightest hope for himself, he was insanely jealous of every other man. He was furious at Ruth's engagement to Tremaine, and had made a prediction about Reginald which caused Ruth to flash out at him in impetuous anger. He had warned her, not politely, it must be admitted, that Reginald would one day run through his money, and then desert her for an heiress. But he did not say it again, for the fierce glance of Ruth's eyes and her bitter words haunted him for many a day after.

And in truth it seemed a very unkind remark, for the young lover was most devoted and attentive; and whatever might be the attraction of London, near which he was quartered, he seemed to find greater ones in the little garden at the Darnels' cottage.

So one summer followed another, until Mrs. Darnel, gentle soul as she was, began to get uneasy. Her health was not good, and she would fain have seen Ruth happily married before she slept beside her husband "amid the cold *Hic jacets* of the dead."

Not that Ruth had any such thoughts—the dream of love was sufficient; but they were quite natural in the mother. Moreover Mrs. Darnel fancied that while Reginald Tremaine did not not come quite so often, he seemed to be in a very feverish and excited state when he did come, as if something he did not like to reveal brought a flush into his cheek and a strange light to his eyes.

Gentle Mrs. Darnel made up her mind to interrogate Ruth as judiciously as possible and one day said.

"Ruth dear, have you noticed lat that Mr. Tremaine has not been quite himself when he has been here—that he was very strange and excited?"

Ruth mentally noted the "Mr. Tremaine" instead of "Reginald," and determined to stick to her guns. "No, mamma," she said, "I have noticed nothing"—that was the truth, her affection blinded her—"except that he is a dearer fellow than ever." That was unnecessary, but it was a return shot for the "Mr. Tremaine."

"Well, said Mrs. Darnel, "I must say I have noticed a change, and I don't think he comes quite so often as he used to do."

The shot told. Ruth had noticed that herself, but it was very unkind of her mother, she thought, to have found it out. What did it matter to mamma? Reginald was not *her* lover.

But she answered quietly, "I suppose he has been detained in town."

Mrs. Darnel sighed, and said, "Ah, my dear, I wish I could see you happily married before—before I have to leave you."

"O mamma, don't say such a horrid thing!" cried Ruth; "and how unkind of you to want to be rid of me!" and then she fell to petting and consoling her mother. But the minds of both were full of the conversation.

Part of what Mrs. Darnel had said was true. Reginald did not come down to the cottage so often. Ruth was obliged to own that to herself with intense vexation of spirit; but was there anything in the other accusation? for so she named it in her heart. What did mamma mean? How was Reginald changed? He had been rather restless and uneasy, but there was nothing in that. And yet, when she asked herself deliberately whether some of the recent interviews with him had been as sweet as of old, she was forced to confess that there was an undefinable something—she could give it no name—which was not quite satisfactory.

Having settled that in her own mind she went up-stairs and indulged in what she would have called "a good cry," and then, after studying one or two of Reginald's nicest letters—she kept them marked in a particular way—she dried her eyes, and decided that it was all nonsense, and that she was a very fortunate girl; that her mother was far too suspicious, and Reginald was perfect, and so forth. But the little rift had come, let her bear herself as bravely as she might, and the music of life was not quite so full-toned as before.

Several days passed, and Reginald never appeared, until he had been absent longer than ever she had remembered during her engagement. And then, just as her heart was becoming numb with sorrow and with hope deferred, there came the following letter:

> Aldershot, June 1, 18—.
>
> MY DARLING RUTH.—It cuts me to the heart to have to write this to you; but the fact is, dearest, I have got to the end of my tether, and I shall be forced to give you up. Unless, as people say, I "marry money," I shall have to cut the country. It is hard upon me, and I am afraid it will be hard upon you; but whatever happens, I shall always be your loving
>
> REGGIE.

Surely a more heartless and utterly unmanly letter was never penned, nor one more insulting; for while he told her indirectly he was going to marry a rich wife, he still continued his caressing epit'ets, and assured her he should always love her. Ruth's hero was showing himself in his true colors, and, terrible as the blow was to her, she was stung by this letter into hot indignation against the writer.

It was perhaps as well for her that this was the case, or the suffering might have been greater. As it was, she hardly felt the blow in the burning desire to retort upon her false lover. She had heard and read of other girls being treated in this way, but it had never occurred to her that she, Ruth Darnel, could be so lightly regarded, and cast off. It seemed to banish all the years of love, and she swore within herself to be revenged upon him.

To do this she must, in the first instance, have an interview with Tremaine, and she made up her mind to write to him. She waited, however, until next day, in order to write calmly and coolly; and then sent him a short note, studiously avoiding any tenderness, and merely saying that she desired an interview as soon as it was convenient to him.

Never was letter more unwelcome to any one than that note to Tremaine. He had intended to cut himself loose from her by letter, not daring to face her; and now he had to see her with that letter written, and without the power of breaking the matter to her as gently as he might have done if he had seen her in the first instance. He knew there was no getting out of it. He would have to see her sooner or later, and the sooner perhaps the better; but it was very disagreeable, and he compassionated, himself, just as all men do when they have committed discreditable actions and have to suffer for them.

So, after having fidgeted about all the morning, and imbibed more "pegs," at the club than were good for him, this gallant young soldier went down to explain to the girl who loved him that he was going to throw her over basely and heartlessly, and marry a woman who would supply the money for his extravagant pleasures. Had he confided his errand to any of his friends, they would have thought it a good joke, and offered him all sorts of comic advice on the position. If, on the other hand, he had declared his inability to pay his bets on the last Goodwood, they would have cut him. As it was, he was only going to break a woman's heart, and that in no way infringes the code of honor of to-day.

On the way down, as became a man who had been brought up as a semi-scientific soldier, he resolved upon a line of tactics. He would treat the letter lightly, as dealing with something that might one day happen, but of which there was no immediate danger. He would temporize, in short, and while endeavoring to familiarize her mind with the idea, would soothe and calm her.

They met in the garden under the sycamore where we first saw Ruth, and Tremaine went forward to take her in his arms as of old. She drew back, however, and gravely held out her hand, which he took with a very bad grace.

"How are you, Ruth?" he said, uneasily. "You don't look very well to-day."

"No; I am not very well," she said, coldly.

It was evident that she was determined he should begin; so he made the plunge. Feeling very hot and uncomfortable, he said,

"You received my letter?"

"I did," she returned, looking straight into his eyes. "Here it is. Do you wish to withdraw it?"

Here was a loophole of escape, and he eagerly availed himself of it.

"Well," he said, trying to force a laugh, "perhaps you'd better give it to me. It may never come to that, darling; but I thought it better to be fair and open with you."

"Fair and open with me! Is that your version of your conduct?"

"Come, Ruth," he said, growing still more uneasy under her scorn, "pray be reasonable. There is nothing to fear at present; and you know how much I love you."

She rose and faced him, and his eyes sank beneath the stern look in hers; soft as they were, they could light up with a gleam he had never seen there before.

"Nothing to fear at present!" she said, with intense scorn. "How very kind of you! You will condescend to amuse yourself with me until you fling the handkerchief at some one else who is wealthy. And you say in the same breath you love me. Ask yourself the meaning of that word." She was pacing up and down now, with her hands clasped to her breast, in fierce agitation. "And I believed you once, poor fool that I was!" She dashed away some angry tears. "But now, thank Heaven, the dream is over. I have been roughly awakened; but better now than hereafter." She took one or two swift steps, and then stood facing him. "Love, they say, changes; and mine has changed now—for, Reginald Tremaine, I *hate* you, and one day I will have my revenge!"

And then she turned and left him.

Reginald Tremaine was thoroughly astonished, and for the moment stunned.

The not very heroic exclamation, "By Jove!" was all he said, with a long breath. The young men of the day are not much given to the soliloquies which are peculiar to the stage.

He had only one clear idea in his mind, viz. that at any rate it was all over. The storm had been severe while it lasted; but it had not been for long. He had turned over a page in his life for ever; and with that feeling he rose, made no further effort to see Ruth, and went straight back to town. He was sorry for her, and he was sorry for himself; for, in his light and careless way, he had loved her. His way, it is true, had not been her way; but still he hardly realized that, and consoled himself with the idea that she would get over it, as he hoped to do.

But, as it happened, Ruth Darnel was not one of those girls who can be off with an old love and on with a new as readily as they change partners at a ball. She had loved Reginald Tremaine with her whole heart, and though that love had seemingly changed to hate, the shock of his faithlessness was none the less terrible to her. Indeed it reacted, as such shocks often do in women, on her nervous system, and for some time she was seriously ill.

When Ruth Darnel recovered, she and her mother moved from the neighborhood of London into a distant county, and the name of Reginald Tremaine was as that of a dead man between them, concerning whom they were to be forever silent.

CHAPTER II.

Everyone said that, sooner or later, the "Rapid Russian," for that was the nickname of the quickest express train that ran upon a certain long line of railway, would "come to grief." That was the opinion of the villagers who stood on the platforms of small wayside stations when the Russian flew past disdainfully; when they saw it come tearing along the line, dashing round the curves and rattling over the points with a roar and a clatter that almost deafened you, and left a series of miniature whirlwinds behind it, wherein the dust and leaves circled for some moments after the train had passed. If anything were to give way, or if a certain part of the line, of which a Government inspector had spoken somewhat harshly some years ago, were to become any worse, it was clear to everyone that a catastrophe would happen which would stand out as one of the most terrible ever recorded in the annals of railway accidents.

But in spite of these predictions, and of newspaper paragraphs advising the directors not to run the Russian at such a pace, the public still patronized the train. We are in such a hurry nowadays that we cheerfully risk our lives in order to gain a little more time for the business of life, and no warning will ever prevent people doing so. The impatience of the public creates a desire for these very fast trains, and the managers of railways can only yield to the demand.

And one fine morning the smash did happen. The "Russian" left London, perfectly appointed, as usual, on a bright morning in winter, and flew through the snowy landscape at its accustomed pace. The passengers, snugly wrapped up in furs and rugs, sat luxuriously in the carriages and discussed the last new novel or the news in the papers; the pleasant sense of exhilaration which accompanies very rapid travelling being heightened by the brilliant sunshine on the snow, and all the glories of a fine winter morning.

Suddenly, without the least warning, the tire of a wheel broke, one of the foremost carriages flew off the line, and with a terrific oscillation the whole train followed it down a steep embankment, and came crashing on a low wall at the bottom.

Then the sunshine seemed to fade out of the landscape, shrieks of agony and low moans filled the startled air, and the fair white snow was pitifully stained with blood.

* * * * * *

Ruth Darnel and her mother lived in a quiet cottage not far from the scene of this accident, which took place near a little village, and to Mrs. Darnell's one of the sufferers, a man sorely injured, who could be moved no farther, was conveyed. Many a house in the village had a strange inmate that night, and the people vied with each other in offering shelter to the unfortunate victims of the accident.

Ten years have elapsed since we saw Ruth Darnel dismiss her fickle lover, and those years have been very bitter ones to her. For hers was one of those intense natures which do not readily forget, and the iron had entered deeply into her soul. She had loved well and fervently, and that love, she told herself, had been scorned. So she had resolved to steel her heart against love in the future; and though several men had evinced a disposition to make love to her, they very soon found out that her buried hopes barred them from Ruth Darnel's heart.

And how did she feel towards Reginald Tremaine? The most passionate resentment softens to some extent with the lapse of years, and certainly she did not feel so bitterly towards him as she had done just after that terrible interview in the old days. But nevertheless deep in her heart there were at times very hard and revengeful feelings towards him, feelings which she tried to stifle and keep down, but which would spring up and sway her like the suggestions of an evil spirit. There is nothing so easy to preach and so hard to practise as forgiveness for injuries, and in certain moods, as she confessed to herself with shame, Ruth Darnel had not forgiven Reginald Tremaine.

On the day of the terrible railway accident Ruth Darnel was away from home on a visit, but was to return in a few days. Before that time Mrs. Darnel had made a strange discovery and taken a resolution.

As the reader will probably have guessed, the injured passenger who had been thrown upon Mrs. Darnel's hands was none other than Reginald Tremaine. After all these years he had, by the irony of Fate, returned to them in this fashion. He was unconscious, and so severely injured about his head that the doctors feared he would lose his sight, while one leg was broken.

Mrs. Darnel was much startled at first, but of course she took the patient in, and when the surgeons had put him to bed she resolved upon two things. In the first place, she determined not to let Reginald Tremaine know whose house he was in, for the knowledge would most probably have precluded all possibility of his recovery. In the second place, she settled not to tell Ruth whom chance had cast in their way, until she returned. Surely any revengeful feelings would die out of her heart when she saw her former lover in so sore a plight.

Ruth Darnel came home, and her first question was naturally regarding the new inmate of her mother's cottage.

"Well, mamma," she said, "and how is your poor patient? By the way, you never told me his name. What a terrible business it must have been?"

"I never told you his name, Ruth, as I did not want to shock you, for it is some one you know."

"What! one of our neighbors?"

"I ought rather to say, some one you once knew."

"Mamma!" Ruth Darnel's lips parted, and her face turned pale, and then she said very quietly: "May I go up and see him?"

"If you wish it," said her mother; and Ruth went up stairs.

Reginald Tremaine lay, curtained from the light, at the point of death. He was still only partially sensible, and his mind wandered a great deal, while the doctors could not yet give any decisive opinion as to his eyesight. His bruised and battered face was covered up, and he was moaning in a fitful sleep.

Ruth Darnel advanced to the bed, drew aside the curtain, and gazed upon the man who had deserted her, and whom, she told herself, she hated. At first she started back in horror at the terrible picture he presented, with the bloodstains and the surgical bandages, and then a strange revulsion of feeling came over her.

Was this the man she hated? was this the man she had left in scorn? Where was her hatred now, so near, as it seemed, to the presence of death? She did not ask herself whether he had ever married, nor why he had been content to leave her all those years. She only knew that he was stricken down, and from that moment Ruth Darnel took upon herself the task of nursing Reginald Tremaine.

How unwearyingly and how devotedly she did it, only she herself could have told. She was the means, under Providence, of saving his life.

And he had a hard fight. After many weary weeks of illness he was still very weak, and hardly able to move, nor had he regained his eyesight. He had never, so it seemed, recognized Ruth's voice, and in answer to his question as to where he was, the name of the villager from whom Mrs. Darnel rented the cottage had been given.

All the time she had been nursing him one haunting thought occupied Ruth Darnel's mind—had Reginald Tremaine been married or not?

She was satisfied he was not married now, for he had held no communication with any one but his bankers and a distant cousin, who, being himself laid up with illness, was unable to come and see him. While Ruth told herself that it was of no moment to her, she was intensely curious on the point. But in all their conversations they had never approached the subject.

It was inevitable too that some of the old tenderness should revive now that Reginald was so dependent on her, but she persuaded herself it was only due to his illness. It seemed inevitable too that he should know who had sheltered him before he departed, or was she to let him leave her without a sign?

The explanation was precipitated by a conversation which took place when he was recovering.

Reginald was able to sit up in a chair, but was still weak, and the doctors could give him but a faint hope of regaining his sight. One afternoon, when Ruth had been reading to him, he said: "Your voice reminds me very much of some one I once knew, Miss Grey."

"Indeed!" said Ruth.

"Yes; some one very dear to me," he went on, "but whom I have not seen for years, and whom since this misfortune has come upon me I may never see again."

At this allusion to his blindness Ruth could not suppress a sob; and he said: "Ah, I know how your gentle heart feels for me, Miss Grey; but if you knew all—how like a madman I once put aside from me deliberately all the happiness of my life—you would indeed pity me. Listen for a little while, and I will tell you a sad story."

And then he told her how he had repented his action on that fatal morning, describing to her also her own conduct, and how her face was still with him, sleeping and waking. He told her how he had never married, and how aimless and reckless and miserable a life he had led, never daring to seek out Ruth Darnel again. He said how he had been working to be worthy of her; and how while on this very journey, which had come to an end so disastrously, he had been filled with a faint hope for the future, and had well-nigh resolved to seek Ruth out. He painted his boyish love in such colors that Ruth felt the old thrills stronger than ever; and he described herself till she blushed really, though she knew he could not see her. And then as his voice faltered, and he spoke of his desolate condition, she could bear no more, but burst into tears and fled from the room.

"A tender-hearted girl," thought Tremaine; "why have I inflicted my troubles upon her? It's a strange return for all her kindness." And then he murmured to himself, as the tears rolled down his scarred face, "O Ruth, Ruth! what would I not give to have my wasted life over again!"

Was he dreaming? Was it only fancy, or did a voice echo his own cry of "Ruth?" He listened and heard it again, and then the answer came in the low sweet tones of his nurse.

So *her* name was Ruth, and the voice so like the Ruth's of old! And who was calling her? Mrs. Darnel surely, as he had heard her in other years. A glimmer of the truth burst on him, and his brain reeled at the thought that his old love had been nursing him.

In a few moments Ruth returned. When she did so she was much surprised to find her patient standing, despite his weakness, upright in front of his chair, in the attitude, as it seemed, of an eager listener.

"Ruth!" he said, as she entered; and she saw he knew all, and in a moment she was clasped in his arms.

Then he spoke in a broken voice, as she sat beside him with his hand in hers.

"Ruth, I have no words to thank you with: but your life must be no part of mine now, shattered and blind as I am. I must go, dear, and go soon."

"No, dearest," she said very quietly; "we will separate no more."

"I cannot have you sacrifice yourself," he said; "it is pity."

"No," she said, gently kissing his hand; "it is love."

And that was Ruth Darnel's revenge.

A SUPPRESSED VERSE IN GRAY'S ELEGY.—Rogers thought the stanza which Gray threw out of his "Elegy" better than some of the stanzas he retained. Here it is, and most people will agree with Rogers:

> "There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found,
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

EARLY RISING.—There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without either pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed, the seldomer you will be confined to it.

ALL great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It would be impossible to answer in this column, all questions received, hence such selection is made as is believed will be of interest and benefit to the majority; therefore no one should feel aggrieved if his communication is not noticed.

BLESSER (Darlington, Ind.)—The first Abolition candidate for the Presidency was James G. Birney, of Michigan, in 1840. Francis J. Lemoyne, of Pennsylvania, was the candidate for Vice-President. This ticket received about 7,[illegible] votes.

SARAH, (Dayton, O.)—A gentleman will certainly remove his cigar from his mouth when bowing to a lady, and you gave the young man a proper rebuke in refusing to recognize his salutation when he committed such a breach of etiquette.

F. G. WILSON, (Somerville, O.)—The Peloponnesian war occurred in the year 431 B. C. It was between Sparta and her allies on one side, and Athens and her allies on the other. It continued with a short interval of peace for twenty-seven years, and ended in the defeat and loss of power of Athens.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, (Troy, N. Y.)—The most remarkable ruins of ancient Grecian temples are found at Paestum near Salerno, at Girgenti, on the south coast of Sicily, at Aegina, at Sunium, and, above all, at Athens in Attica. They were so massively built that by the ruins that remain, their plan and structure are easily seen.

YOUNG GEOGRAPHER (Daphne, Ala.)—Crater is an original Greek word, signifying a bowl. The craters of volcanoes were mostly if not all, originally of bowl-shape, but repeated convulsions have changed the appearance of many of them. The crater of Vesuvius still retains the original form; that of Etna is irregular.

GREEN HORN, (Dale, Iowa.)—The hands and feet have always been a trouble to bashful person when first going into society. Learn to think of something else, and let them take care of themselves, they will soon behave naturally and relieve your awkwardness. Above all things don't try to hide the hands by thrusting them into the pockets!

WILLIS EDLER, (Somerset, Texas).—The lyre is one of the most ancient musical instruments. Its original form is unknown. It has been conjectured that the earliest lyres were made from a tortoise shell with strings stretched tightly across it; these would give a musical sound when twanged, but not of a very high order.

JULIUS D. (Cumberland, Ky.)—*Lares* and *Penates* were the names of the household gods of the ancients. The *Lares* were supposed to be guardian spirits, exercising a protecting influence over an individual and his family and property. The Penates ranked higher as divinities, including such well known gods as Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Apollo, Neptune, etc.

MARIA J. (Curtis, N. Y.)—"Count" is merely a hereditary title, and does not include official power, as is the case with the English Duke or Lord, who, by virtue of their titles, are members of the Peerage and part of the government. It is attached mostly to the possession of certain estates, and bestowed by the monarch. In England, the wife of an Earl is termed a Countess.

YOUNG HORSEMAN, (Abbeville, Ga.)—"Roaring" in horses is caused by disease of the muscles of the larynx. There may have been inflammation which has left thickening or ulceration of the mucous membrane; or paralysis of the muscles, or tight reining may have altered the shape of the cartilages of the larynx. The disease is likely to lead to unsoundness of the lungs. A horse affected with "Roaring" is not to be considered sound.

GEORGE HUEBNER (Stewartsville, Ind.)—The *Youth's Companion* and the *Wide Awake Magazine*, published in Boston, Mass., and the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, in New York, are the best publications we know for children. The *Nursery*, also published at Boston, is just the thing for the youngest. A note addressed to the publishers, as above, will bring you full particulars as to price, etc.

INVALID, (Spencer, Mass.)—A cough is not a disease, but the symptom of one, and is an effort of nature to relieve the throat or lungs of some irritating substance or allay an unpleasant sensation. It may be disastrous to check it. Only an intelligent physician can give a good opinion as to its present cause or the disease which produces it, and that after proper examination.

QUIS, (Portland, Ala.)—The "Court of Love" was a tribunal in France from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. It was composed of ladies distinguished for high birth and talent, whose jurisdiction, recognized by courtesy and opinion, extended over all questions of gallantry. The newspapers, public opinion and Mrs. Grundy now exercise these functions though perhaps not so acceptably as the regularly constituted authority of the ancient time.

STELLA, (Brownsburgh, Minn.)—The price paid for articles in newspapers varies as much as the price for different kinds of goods in a store. Some authors of established reputation, whose productions everybody wants to read, can almost command their own price; one hundred dollars for a single column would not be dear in some cases; but the rates usually paid are far below this, varying from one dollar to ten dollars per column.

INQUIRER, (Plummerville, Md).—Damascus blades were so named because first manufactured in the city of Damascus. They were made in very ancient times, before the Christian Era. They were particularly distinguished for their keen edge, which could pass unharmed through a bar of iron, or cut the most delicate silk fabric while floating in the air. After long experiment, modern artisans have been able to produce blades little, if any, inferior to the Damascus which for centuries had been world-renowned.

EDWARD, (Buckingham, Conn.)—It is a mistake to suppose that ladies are best pleased with the conversation which you rightly call "small talk," and in which you say you can not excel. At least such ladies as are worthy of your regard will not relish this for the staple of conversation. Introduce any suitable topic, and you may often be surprised at the interesting views of it given even by ladies of limited culture. They will respect a man who talks as if he knew something, although their natural desire to please may lead them to tolerate those who can speak only of the weather, the crops, and neighborhood gossip.

WALLACE, (Plainfield, Wis.)—Bridal presents should be sent to the bride one or two weeks previous to the marriage. The kind of article should depend upon the style of the party receiving it. The most suitable are such things as combine use and ornament, as silver table-ware—spoons, forks, napkin rings, etc., and ornamental small bits of furniture. Jewelry is appropriate in cases where the bride will have other things to correspond. The ostentatious display which is made of bridal gifts has led to a perversion of this pleasant custom; every relative or acquaintance feels, in a measure, compelled to be represented in the show, and many things are grudgingly given. It would be better that such presents should be made privately and then not displayed, which would tend to restrict the custom to its proper bounds.